

# The TATLER

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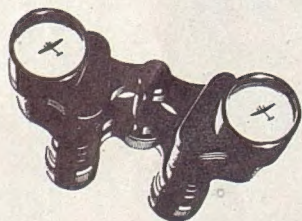




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## Lady Iris Mountbatten Comes of Age

*Anthony*

At a quiet family gathering at Brantridge Park, Balcombe, Sussex, Lady Iris Mountbatten celebrated her coming-of-age last week. She is the only child of the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, who are staying at Brantridge with his mother, Princess Beatrice, during the absence of the Earl of Athlone in Canada, whose home it is in normal times. Lady Iris, a trainbearer to the Queen at the Coronation of King George VI, is doing ordinary nursing work at a hospital in Sussex. The announcement of her engagement to Captain Hamilton J. K. O'Malley-Keyes, Irish Guards, may be expected. He is the son of the late Colonel O'Malley-Keyes, and Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes, who in peace days entertained so many friends at Castel Meretmont, Biarritz





### The Election of Two New Representative Peers for Scotland

The Scottish peers met in the Picture Gallery of the Palace of Holyrood House to elect two new representatives to take the place in the House of Lords of the late Earl of Lindsay and the late Lord Fairfax of Cameron who died in 1939. Here are five of the voters—the Earl of Rosebery, who sits in the House of Lords as Earl of Midlothian; the Earl of Home, who sits as Lord Douglas; the Marquess of Bute; the Earl of Breadalbane, a Representative Peer, and Lord Elphinstone. The two peers who were elected are the Earls of Perth and Dundonald.



# Way of the War

By "Foresight"

#### Salonika in the Picture

**I**MMEDIATELY on becoming Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, although deeply occupied with the critical state of the Battle for France, directed urgent attention to the situation in the Middle East. He saw that insufficient attention had been paid to this important theatre, and quickly ascertained that our forces there were much too small; their equipment totally inadequate. He urged the Secretary for War to draw up plans for redressing this position at the earliest possible moment. A few months later the War Office instructed General Sir Archibald Wavell to fly back to London for consultations.

Those conversations, carried a stage further by Mr. Eden during his own visit to the Middle East last autumn, proved of the utmost value. The action taken as a result made it possible for Britain to assume the offensive which has yielded such satisfactory results. Now a new situation has developed in the Eastern Mediterranean, and Sir Archibald Wavell has again been called into consultation. The necessity was created by the new massing of German forces in Rumania, which might be used either as a threat to back up new political demands on the Balkans or Russia, or to execute a rapid advance south or east.

The importance of Salonika was recognised by the Allies in the 1914-18 war, and was frequently discussed at the meetings of the Anglo-French Supreme War Council during the first year of the present struggle. But since Greece, though guaranteed by the Allies, preferred to retain her neutrality until such time as she might be attacked, no Allied force

could be established there. That position has now changed, and it seems clear that Hitler plans to seize this northern Greek port as an insurance against its use by Britain as a means of carrying land aid to Greece.

#### Sir Archibald's View

**I** DO NOT pretend to know what advice was given by Sir Archibald. Probably, having conceived a brilliant operation in Africa, the fruits of which have not yet been fully gathered, he would have been reluctant to divide his forces in order to embark on a "sideshow" in south-east Europe. Memories of the many weeks required to dispatch the B.E.F. to France, and to establish it there with all its bases, railheads and supplies, although so short a sea voyage separated it from the battle front, enable one to picture the difficulties of sending substantial land aid to Greece.

Moreover the enemy to be encountered there would not be a demoralised Italy but a powerful Germany operating on interior, if long, lines of communication. It would also be necessary to know whether Turkey is, in fact, prepared to fight in defence of her now shrunken European territories in Thrace, and to make a stand on the Chatalja lines in front of Istanbul, or would actually conserve her effort to retain Asia Minor intact.

In recent months we have done our utmost to provide Turkey with the sinews of war and there is no doubting the high morale of the country and the loyalty of the Government to the alliance with Britain. But Turkish courage is tempered with prudence and it is by no means so certain that Ankara would declare war on Berlin because German armies invaded

Bulgaria, even though the threat to Turkey and the Straits would obviously be very great.

#### King Boris Threatened

**I** HEAR that special precautions are being taken just now for the safety of King Boris of Bulgaria. It seems that the Germans have been enlisting the aid of Macedonian terrorists with the object of getting rid of a king who now seems reluctant to become a puppet ruler in a Nazi scheme of domination over all south-east Europe. M. Filoff, too, the Premier, is said to be in some danger—unless the Germans can find other means of securing his replacement by a Quisling minister.

Bulgaria's attitude towards Germany has stiffened perceptibly since the British and Greek success. These tangible proofs that Britain will assume the offensive wherever that is practicable and will fight on with growing strength until victory is won are having their reactions in many countries. Responsible Bulgarians declare that their armies, though they could not stand up alone against Germany for long, will certainly meet German divisions with machine gun fire on the Danube. They add their complete confidence that a few hours later Turkish forces would be marching into Bulgaria also.

There have naturally been rumours of secret staff conversations having taken place between Turkey and Bulgaria and there may also have been talks with the Yugoslavs. Among them these Balkan countries should be able to put forty divisions into the field. Their main lack will be in air support. For this they will look to Britain.

#### Strong Washington Embassy

**A**PPPOINTMENT of Sir Gerald Campbell, the High Commissioner in Canada, to the Minister in the British Embassy in Washington will greatly strengthen Lord Halifax's team. When I foreshadowed this appointment last week I mentioned some of the advantages which would follow, but indicated that Lord Halifax was in two minds whether it might not be better for him to study the situation on the spot before asking for reinforcements.

Mr. Eden seems to have felt that it would be



in the first weeks after the arrival of Lord Halifax that the help of Sir Gerald could be of the greatest value; that is to say, before the new Ambassador has had time to learn the American ropes. Thus it was arranged that Sir Gerald should be on the spot in time to meet the party from Britain.

During the next few weeks Mr. Ronald Tree, M.P., the energetic American-born Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Duff Cooper at the Ministry of Information, will be in the United States. He is going to study the present arrangements, or lack of them, for spreading British information in America. Mr. and Mrs. Tree both have great stakes in the States and among their possessions is a delightful country house about a hundred miles from Washington. This they have lent to Lord Halifax as a weekend retreat.

### Post-War Reconstruction

IN one respect the rearrangement of Government machinery, to which I referred last week, has not gone down too well in Washington. It is natural, after all, that the United States, if they are coming into this war, should want to know what kind of a "New Order" the Allies propose to lay down after victory. Although the average American, like the average Englishman, probably has no more than a vague idea of what ought to be done in the world to stop the recurrence of devastating wars every generation, he feels that the best brains in his country should now be at work on "War Aims."

Here in London a committee of ministers has been sitting for some weeks in an attempt to draft a simple statement on the subject. I believe that Mr. Attlee is chairman of this committee, and that its members included Lord Halifax, Lord Cranborne, Mr. Bevin and a few more. But little progress has been achieved and the original draft has now become encumbered with so many diverse and additional bright ideas that it will be a major task to extract anything which the ordinary man or woman can grasp.

War aims, after all, are closely linked with "post-war reconstruction," and the whole of this vast subject for planning has been handed

over to the care of Mr. Arthur Greenwood. In America, it seems, the impression has spread that Mr. Greenwood did not make an outstanding success of the work which he has been doing as chairman of committees during the past nine months and it is doubted whether he is a sufficiently imposing figure to be entrusted with this tremendous task.

Probably the answer is to be found in the fact that Mr. Greenwood will not, in any case, be able to do more than clear the ground in the next months. When victory is nearer to achievement a Ministry of Reconstruction will be set up while the whole mind of the Cabinet, in consultation with the leading Allied statesmen, will be directed to the problems of the peace.

### Future of Mr. Butler

RELIABLE report has it that Mr. R. A. Butler, the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, will shortly receive promotion. During several years he has carried a heavy burden both at the Foreign Office and in Parliament. When Mr. Neville Chamberlain decided that he would handle all major questions of foreign policy in the House of Commons—the Foreign Secretary being in the Lords—Mr. Butler was the natural liaison between the Foreign Office and No. 10 Downing Street. He had to be prepared to answer every question which the Prime Minister passed to him, and to wind up debates on any and almost every aspect of world policy.

Since the retirement and death of Mr. Chamberlain he has been, for House of Commons purposes, Foreign Secretary. But now his new chief, Mr. Anthony Eden, is a House of Commons man, and will certainly wish to handle personally the bulk of the Foreign Office questions and debates, Mr. Butler's post becomes proportionately less important. I predict that in due course he will succeed Mr. Herwald Ramsbotham as President of the Board of Education, a post for which his academic qualities fit him admirably.

Mr. Eden will certainly want to be supported at the Foreign Office by an Under Secretary whose views on international affairs



### Mr. Roosevelt's Representative

One of the busiest men in Great Britain during the last fortnight has been Mr. Harry Hopkins, who came from America to discuss on Mr. Roosevelt's behalf "matters of mutual interest and mutual urgency to our two countries." He arrived in London during an evening raid, next day began a round of interviews which began at Buckingham Palace, 10 Downing Street and the Foreign Office. Mr. Hopkins is one of the President's closest personal friends, has been head of the New Deal's W.P.A. and Secretary for Commerce. He expected to be here not less than two, not more than four weeks

are closely akin to his own and to those of the Prime Minister. Naturally several names are being mentioned, but it seems most probable that Mr. Richard Law, who is now Financial Secretary to the War Office, and consequently has been in close departmental contact with Mr. Eden, will be chosen.

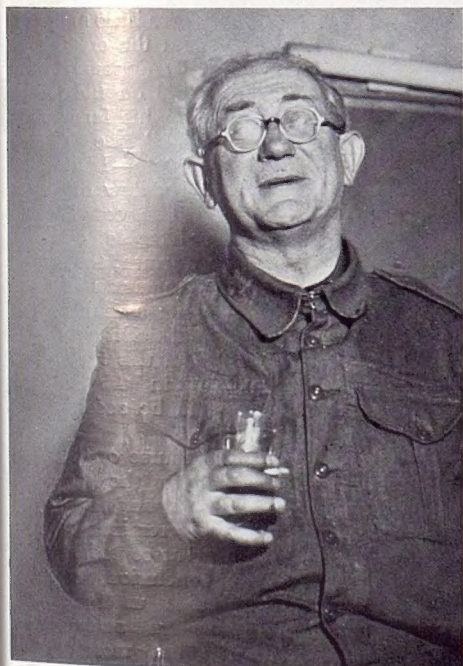
### Mr. De Valera's Eyes

ONE may disagree with the policy pursued in Eire by Mr. De Valera, but no one who has met and talked with him disputes his intellectual qualities and his personal charm. There will thus be many regrets over the news which has now leaked out that the Irish Prime Minister's eyesight has failed almost entirely. He can no longer see to read, and has to rely entirely on secretaries to tell him what is written in newspapers and documents.

This is a grave disability for a man holding so responsible a position, and may account to some extent for the growing volume of reports that Mr. De Valera no longer has so firm a hand on the Irish helm as in years gone by. For a different reason Adolf Hitler has suffered from a similar disadvantage. In his case it comes from lack of education. He can read no language other than German, and throughout his extraordinary career he has received from interpreters and translators such knowledge as he possesses of opinion in other countries.

### A CORRECTION.

We regret that in our issue of January 8, page 47, Captain Colin Bain-Marais was wrongly described as South African Minister to the Free French instead of to France.



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

### Two Writers at a Cocktail Party

Sir John Squire turned up in Home Guard uniform at a party given by the company who are playing in "Berkeley Square," of which Sir John is part author (with J. L. Balderston)

Mr. J. W. Dunne, whose theories about time have influenced the English theatre through J. B. Priestley, was also at the "Berkeley Square" party. His latest book "Nothing Dies" was published last year



# Myself at the Pictures

Laughton Triumphs: By James Agate

WELL do I remember the first night of Sidney Howard's play, *They Knew What They Wanted*, although it took place nearly fifteen years ago. An interesting new actress called Tallulah Bankhead suddenly informed us that she could act as well as present the heroine of previous overheated comedies with names like *The Green Hat* and *Scotch Mist*.

In the dear, dead, nineteen-twentyish days beyond recall, plays like these took us into an over-nourished, over-dressed and over-sexed world, exhibited a heroine equally sensual and witless, and coaxed us to consider whether the combination did not make her an irresistible darling. The gallery girls were won immediately, whooped throughout the play, and had hysteria on the gallery stairs during the intervals.

Then there was that other and altogether better play, *Fallen Angels*, in which Noel Coward made the air of the theatre rank with stale patchouli.

Was it to be wondered that the sight of Miss Bankhead's name in the cast of a promised play sent one's heart into one's boots at the prospect of three hours of veiled impropriety and naked silliness?

IN Sidney Howard's piece we had the unexpected and extravagant delight of seeing La Bankhead in a play in which we could admire not only the actress but the character on whom she could expend all her brains, beauty, and wit, as well as that power of hers of getting an audience to sympathise with her when it really ought to be passionately desiring to wring the silly neck of the young woman she was so cleverly portraying.

Perhaps "admire" is the wrong word for this little waitress in what California calls a spaghetti joint. We do not quite admire her. But we respect her verisimilitude, and still more we respect the sincerity with which Howard—who died the other day, and died far too soon—conceived and presented her.

ONE of the most remarkable things about that play was that for once in a long time we had a plausible reason given for a plausible act. The girl threw up her job to marry an up-country farmer on the strength of his love letters and photograph. But the photograph was really that of the young farmhand who also concocted the letters on his illiterate, oldish, fat, and Italian employer's behalf.

In the play, as I remember it, the girl, though she did not love him, married the farmer for the simple reason that she had thrown up her job at San Francisco, could

not get back to it, and would be laughed at by the other girls if she did go back after having bought the wedding dress and boasted about her lucky marriage.

The play in the theatre was a first-class comedy with just a seasoning of pathos. One remembers poor Sam Livesey as the husband, but one far more clearly remembers Tallulah's triumph as the unwilling wife. She never again did anything so good.

THE first of many odd things about the excellent film version of this excellent play is that it has somehow become a first-class tragedy with just a seasoning of comedy.

The reason is primarily that the wife has been handed to Carole Lombard who, although she begins to act for the first time in my experience of her, does not hold a candle to the sheer blaze of Charles Laughton, who presents the husband.

The secondary reason is that the screen play has been devised by Robert Ardrey, whose *Thunder Rock* has already proved him a dramatist of something like genius, and Mr. Ardrey has built the piece round the touching, honest "wop" instead of round his wife.

THE values of the tale have been subtly shifted to suit the cinema. Thus the farmhand, played in the theatre by the young and clever Glenn Anders, is given in the film to an actor called William Gargan who is not conspicuously young and not at all a good-looker.

But this is a performance which deserves a page all to itself. He makes the tale even more authentic and likely than it was. It

must have dawned far sooner even on the little boy's brain of Tony that Joe, when Anders played him so handsomely, was his wife's lover.

Mr. Gargan quite flawlessly and unelaborately reveals the full depth of this character—the oddest and yet the likeliest mixture of the cynical, the romantic, and the intensely practical. You see in his eyes the struggle the man is undergoing. Loyalty to his friend and employer struggles with an almost painful desire to possess the woman. His sudden accession of meekness when Tony makes the discovery and strikes him repeatedly on the face and body is marvellously well done.

STILL better film-making on the part of everybody is the sequence showing the girl in the railway carriage as she approaches her destination and her unknown destiny. She does what any girl of the sort would do: she combs her locks, smears her lips, powders her chin, and looks at her watch—over and over again in that order. She arrives and descends. No one is there to meet her. She sits on her luggage and droops. Joe arrives very late because Tony has not had the courage to come at all. She, of course, takes him for her lover, utters a glad cry, rushes towards him, and kisses him full and lengthily on the lips. On the way back in the venerable van the farm-hand fails to summon the courage to tell the girl of the fatal mistake.

This is the very stuff and essence of good drama, and the first praise for it obviously goes to Mr. Ardrey though there should, as I have said, be much praise for everybody seen and unseen.

And while we are on the subject, let me put in a commendatory word for Alfred Newman's omnipresent, inconspicuous, serious and apt musical score, the best thing of the sort since Aaron Copland's music for *Of Mice and Men*.

I HAVE left Laughton to the last not out of diffidence, and least of all out of disrespect. I come to it last because it is the crowning glory of this brilliant film. This is a major performance, a jewel. The character is created, as it were, from inside outwards, and like all true masterpieces of acting there is no apparent labour about the creation.

Tony first appears in his new suit and on the top of the stairs in his farmhouse. "Joe, Joe!" he shouts. "Look at me—I am the most stylish fellow that ever I see!" The conceit, the intensely likeable childishness, the warmth, the almost touching eagerness of the great hulk of a man are all implied and delivered in the first tones of this first utterance and in the gestures with which he accompanies them.

In the course of the film, especially in the scene at the photographer's, Laughton continually reminds us that he is a great comedian, and at the conclusion he summarily bids us remember that no film actor since Jannings has more direct pathos, more reserves of passion, and can communicate more of the joy and sorrow of life in his face and his hands and his body.



"They Knew What They Wanted"

Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton are the stars of the film version (at the Plaza) of Sidney Howard's play, which Garson Kanin directed. Mr. Agate reviews it at length this week





Once a great actress, Emmy Ritter (Nazimova) is now ill in a Nazi concentration camp. A young doctor (Philip Dorn), who has operated on her, is one of the people by which her almost impossible escape is arranged. The nurse is Blanche Yurka



The actress's son, Mark Preysing (Robert Taylor), comes from America to try to save his mother. He goes first for help to a lawyer, Dr. Henning (Albert Bassermann), and his wife (Elsa Bassermann), but they are afraid of getting in trouble with the Nazis

## "Escape"

Ethel Vance's Anti-Nazi Thriller  
has been made into a Film

Something like a year ago, when civilians still got their frights and thrills vivaciously from bombs, Ethel Vance's *Escape* was making thousands of readers tense their muscles and gasp with excitement. The story looked like heaven's gift to the film makers, and M-G-M soon took it in hand, although they were already making a film of Phyllis Bottome's anti-Nazi novel, *The Mortal Storm*. They have teamed Norma Shearer and a moustachioed Robert Taylor for the first time in the leading parts, with Conrad Veidt and Nazimova excellently cast in supporting roles. Mervyn Leroy directed. *Escape* went to the Empire last Friday



A beautiful countess (Norma Shearer), American-born widow of a German, who now runs a girls' school, becomes involved in the story of Mark's attempts to save his mother and plays half-unwilling fairy godmother to the young man and Emmy Ritter in the last phase of their struggle to get out of Germany



Lover of the countess is General Kurt von Kolb (Conrad Veidt). His presence, part sinister, part pathetic, haunts much of the story and he nearly prevents the fugitives' escape when they are almost over the frontier



# Letter From America

## By Pamela Murray

THE ne plus ultra in New York charity entertainment was achieved by B.W.R.S. (British War Relief Society) on the San Regis roof, one exquisite night of soft-falling snowflakes and twinkling lights in every window, sky high. The snow was no whiter than the ermine coats, and the elevators no less crowded with golden girls and their jovial escorts than the shelters in London—but what a contrast.

Let it be recorded that nearly every one I spoke to conveyed his or her sense of gratitude to the Almighty, or to the Atlantic Ocean, for their so-called security. Nobody said, "If it wasn't for the British we wouldn't be here tonight, in more senses than one," but I believe many were thinking this, ungrudgingly. It is a die-hard American convention to attach the country's alleged immunity from European conflagrations to, and base its foreign policy on, the geographic status. Until Hitler did away with geography as we learnt it in class this was moderately feasible.

Alas! The Isolationists are still vocal, and highly organised, with our old pal Ralph Beaver Strassburger striving to keep the United States out of war by urging appeasement. There's no accounting for tastes, and citizens of German descent naturally feel differently from the rest, so when I see "Strass" we talk about Deauville and racehorses, and leave the war to those who can discuss it without getting into a fight.

### People at Play

RETURNING to a harmonious evening which began with a general milling about looking for cocktails before dinner, I spied Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, escorted by Fefe Ferry and chaperoned by Sir Charles and Lady Mendl; Mr. William Woodward, the Olympian President of the American Jockey Club, who never goes to things like this, or hardly ever; Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannstahl, Lady Patricia Bendor and Mrs. Robert Laycock (all three looked utterly adorable in a subsequent red, white and blue tableau, especially Lady Elizabeth, whose figure is as perfect as her face).

Mrs. Cameron (of Lochiel) Tiffany, the

charity chairman, entertained Mrs. Cole Porter and Captain Alfred Anson, stepfather of all the Emerys. Mrs. Guy Fairfax Cary, Lord Fermoy's sister, brought a big party.

Lady Ashburnham greeted Mrs. William Ziegler, Junior, who is one of the many attractive Irish-Americans with a colleen complexion, and there were lots of DuPonts (munitions and textiles); Singers (sewing machines) and refugees, including American-born Mrs. George Sclater-Booth, whose infant son is a future Lord Basing.

Others you know were Miss Ann Mitchell, who used to hand herself a London season year after year; Mrs. Jay O'Brien with her Hemingway sons; Mrs. Howard Dietz, who was a Guinness and momentarily a Montagu; Mrs. Geoffrey Toye, who was a London actress and then an American socialite during her first marriage; Mrs. Herbert ("Julie") Shipman, who radiates motherly happiness since her wartime adoption of the Stanley of Alderney's little girl; and Lady Jersey.

### Panama Hattie

MENTION of Mrs. Cole Porter leads to her husband's current musicale *Panama Hattie*, which features the Canal and a young woman called Ethel Merman (nee Zimmermann) who has shouted her competent way through the lead in half a dozen of his red-hot shows.

The vintage is coarser than ever, but hardly up to strength in lyrics and laughs. Can it be that Mr. C. Porter is slipping in sympathy with Mr. N. Coward? I am not saying the show is bad, or a failure; it is quite amusing and very popular, but the brain which devised *Gentlemen Don't Like Love* was tired when it churned out some of the numbers, excepting "My Mother Would Love You," which pleases; "I've Still Got My Health," which is put across by Ethel Merman with the aid of her dead-pan expression, and monstrous clothes; and "Let's Be Buddies."

The last-named is the only real hit. In its way this number, which the Merman sings with a little eight-year-old girl, Joan Carroll (who is sweet and deserves a better fate than to become the next Shirley Temple), has something as winningly topical as "Keep The

Home Fires Burning" had, or "Wish Me Luck As You Kiss Me Good-bye." Unlike most of Cole Porter's, it is friendly and straightforward, rather than clever and allusive. Soon you too will be singing "Let's be buddies and keep up each other's morale."

### More Theatricals

GILBERT MILLER lives in the past of Mittel-Europa; hence his well-executed, but singularly untimely, translation and direction of *Delicate Story*, yet another Molnar, with Edna Best as a grocer's wife heroine. It may take more than the entry of the United States into this war to convince Mr. Miller that public taste has shifted from tenuous Hungarian nothings, towards robust old and new favourites, such as *Charley's Aunt*, who is thriving on Broadway, and Mr. E. Williams whose triumphant *The Corn is Green* might have been done by Mr. Miller. What a pass-up!

Although "Bart" Marshall and Edna Best were divorced and she has re-married an American businessman, the former went to give her a hand at the first night.

### Empire News

A LETTER from Nova Scotia: "Everybody is missing Fogarty Fegan, V.C., the captain of the 'Jervis Bay.' He was a familiar figure around this city, where hardly a family has not mourned the loss of someone on the broad cold Atlantic, but I must not get maudlin. We just think of what London is enduring, and all the other English cities. I practically run this house to suit the B.B.C.! Every member of the family wants to listen to the news and various features. We have a map of Albania on the dining-room wall, and meals are eaten with pins in the mouth, so to speak.

"Incidentally, the two best sellers at the library are *Trelawny* and *The Family*."

"There are seven young English emigres in Joan's class of sixteen, at school. All Canada is swarming with English children, and they have all been wonderfully received."

"The English children are so far advanced in some subjects, and behind in others, that it is not easy to adapt the curriculum without upsetting the local children. The English are not nearly so resourceful as ours, and have obviously been waited on much more, even the poorer ones, which must be due to the fact that wages being lower in the Old Country, people with quite small incomes have at least one maid—or had before the war."

### The English Speaking Union

THE New York branch of this estimable organisation is full of pep and plans, from a club for British mothers, in the New Year, to a series of lectures and recitals such as Somerset Maugham reading his own *The Sacred Flame*, and Mr. J. Albert Bennett, the famous restorer of old furniture, talking on "English Homes and Furniture of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries."

Socialite audiences graced "Whatsoever Things are Lovely," an illustrated talk by Miss Alice Chauncey, another Londoner, who has taken movies of gardens in England and America. Gardens are a great link between the English-speaking peoples, and Miss Chauncey is herself a link, being the daughter of American-born Lady ("Alys") Bingham by her first marriage. Lady Bingham has remained in England, in the West Country, with the Dowager Lady Sysonby.

The New York Branch of the E.S.U. is raising money to buy a trailer snack bar for the W.V.S. This neat toy was invented by Miss Pauline Shaw Fenno of Boston, Mass. It has a five-gallon thermos tea urn, and two three-galloners, a pie warmer, and a Primus, one gross of mugs and six trays. I have no doubt they will collect for several of these; American generosity is magnificent.



Mayor Fiorello La Guardia of New York had a big new job offered him by Mr. Roosevelt—that of Executive Assistant to the President, with the task of co-ordinating national defence efforts, and acting as link between these and the President. Here he is broadcasting greetings to the Lord Mayor of London. With him is Lily Pons, Metropolitan opera star, who sang "Hark, Hark, the Lark"



# Wedding Guests : At the Innes — Bethell Reception



Captain and Mrs. Lionel Neame were two guests at the wedding of the Hon. Nefertari Bethell to Mr. James Innes, Coldstream Guards, which took place at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Captain Neame is in the Coldstream, and his wife was formerly Mrs. Carl Bendix, a popular racehorse owner



Mrs. Alaric Russell, Miss Van Raalte, the Hon. Priscilla Scott-Ellis, Lady Ann Elliot, and Mr. Slessor waited to see the bride and bridegroom go away. The Hon. Priscilla Scott-Ellis is the third daughter of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, and Mrs. Russell and Miss Van Raalte are her cousins on her mother's side. Lady Ann Elliot was married in 1937 to Mr. Alexander Henry Elliot, and she is a sister of the Earl of Jersey



Lady Rosemary Jeffreys and Lady Smiley arrived at the reception together. Lady Rosemary is the youngest sister of the Earl of Normanton, and widow of Mr. Christopher Jeffreys, Grenadier Guards, who was killed in action at Dunkirk. Lady Smiley, before her marriage in 1933 to Sir Hugh Smiley, was Miss Nancy Beaton



Miss Mary Collins and Miss Jean Johnson were snapped outside 72, Eccleston Square (lent for the reception by the Marchioness of Cambridge, whose daughter, Lady Mary Cambridge, was the only grown-up bridesmaid) with Mr. J. Derek Wigan, the best man and a brother officer of the bridegroom, and son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. J. T. Wigan



Commander Warden Gilchrist was one of the few Naval guests at this very military wedding. He was accompanied by his charming Canadian wife, formerly Miss Travers-Lewis, who sensibly wore her furlined boots. Her younger sister Evva was married last July to another sailor, Commander Charles Evan Thomas, R.N.

(Pictures of the wedding appear on the next page)



# Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

## Foyle's and Free French

THERE was a fine set-to on this occasion, when one of the famous literary luncheons was honoured by General de Gaulle. Miss Foyle, as slender, neat and unruffled as she is always alleged to be, serenely turned away dozens who had somehow lost their tickets, or been mislaid themselves on the table plan, explaining, in passing, that fifteen hundred had unavoidably been denied tickets at all.

The literary and other lions, many with creditable manes, pranced gaily about the crowded room in search of their seats, while the imperturbable General moved on an even keel among them. Cardinal Hinsley, in his lovely coloured clothes, had Mr. Thomas Driburg on his left, and, of course, General de Gaulle on his right. Lady Diana Cooper was there, in mink and a hat with feathers, and Mr. Godfrey Winn seemed to be enjoying himself a good deal. Lord Donagall only just arrived in time; Lord Bessborough left early.

Miss Ursula Bloom looked plaintive, beneath a fur hat, and Miss Flora Lion seemed to be looking for someone. There were lords and ladies, ambassadors and ambassadresses, authors and authoresses, celebrities from every category, and very few of what Miss Daisy Ashford classified so immortally as "mere people."

## The Speeches

As chairman, Cardinal Hinsley spoke first, and then General de Gaulle, in French. Being, alas! backward in that melodious

language, I am not in a position to give a précis, but it was received very enthusiastically, and created quite a Gallic atmosphere of emotional good-feeling.

Then Mr. John Gordon, who said he had been much in the public eye lately, spoke, and drew a few parallels between General de Gaulle and Joan of Arc, who apparently have the Cross of Lorraine in common, which, of course (as he said), "we look forward to seeing aloft when the crooked Swastika is in the dust."

The General, who really seems to be Public Idol Number One these days, was then mobbed for his autograph, and the great crowd slowly and reluctantly dispersed into the cold outside.

Captain Simon, of the Free French, and Mr. Ashley Dukes, very cheerful and amused-looking, were two people I spoke to.

## Play Gives a Party

THE cast of *Berkeley Square* was at home last week in Berkeley Square itself.

Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson and her husband, André van Gysegghem, who play the leading parts, were looking cheerful. Miss Rosalind Fuller was another of the cast in good form, and Miss Christine Silver and everyone else connected with this admirable production of an old favourite were there, and very pleasant it was to feel that they were all busying themselves every afternoon for the entertainment of eager Londoners.

Miss Edith Evans, who is obviously as wholly delightful in private life as she is on

the stage, came, and another from the cast of *Diversion*, in which she is appearing, Mr. Peter Ustinov, who is so young, just a nice boy—most surprising after those brilliantly wicked things he does for blissful amusement.

Sir John Squire, part author of the play, was helping to enjoy the delicious eats and drinks; so were Captain Tommy Rose, W. E. Rootes, Mrs. Miles (who was Maxine Forbes-Robertson), and Mr. J. Dunne, whose time theories are fascinating puzzles, which one keeps beginning to understand, but then there are always some entirely defeating diagrams. The plot of *Berkeley Square*, however, conveys the rough idea very pleasantly, in the form of delightful entertainment.

## Canadian's Adventures

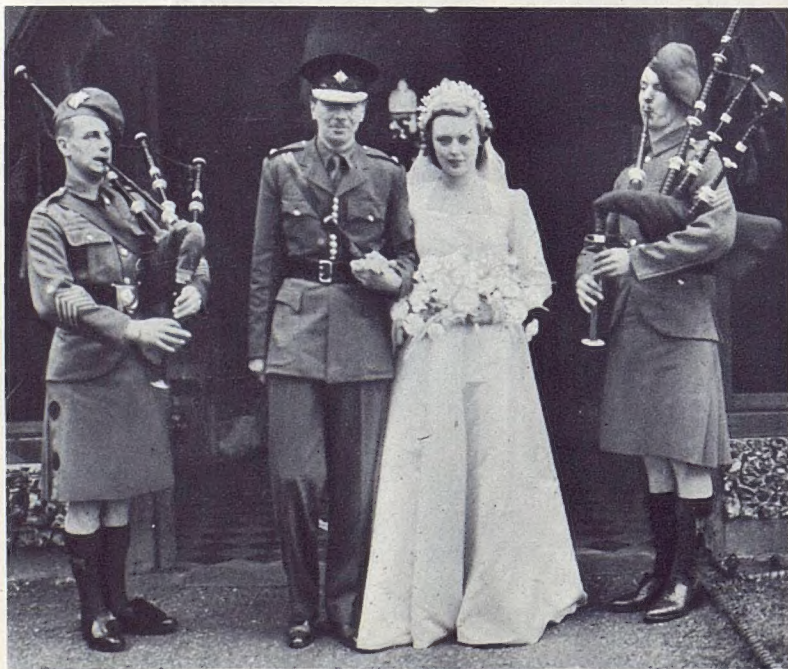
AN ex-member of the Canadian Navy, who crossed the Atlantic to join our forces, has had some adventures doing so.

He worked his way over on a Polish merchant ship, in convoy, and one of the things he mentioned was the hazardousness of convoy in itself: just like driving in a mass of rather unwieldy traffic, instead of having the unimpeded space that used to be at least one point of safety about solo travel. Imagine what it is like, in any thing approaching a heavy sea, to be tossing about like corks, en masse, in constant danger of collision! As if the waves themselves were not enough to contend with, without traffic problems as well.

They were two months en route altogether, with every sort of weather, and one serious attack from the enemy, which resulted in a certain amount of loss.

## Elevenuses

WHAT functions these used to be, and presumably are, where well-populated kitchens and servants'-hall still exist. Butler, housekeeper, ladies' maids, and perhaps a head laundrywoman would assemble in the servants' hall, waited on by a scullery-maid or under-housemaid, while the rest of the staff got together round the kitchen-table.



The Cooper-Key—Harmsworth Wedding: Bride and Bridegroom and a Family Group

Sec.-Lieut. Edmund McNeill Cooper-Key, Irish Guards, and the Hon. Lorna Harmsworth, elder daughter of Viscount Rothermere and Mrs. T. A. Hussey, were married in the country, at St. Peter's, Cranborne. He is the elder son of the late Captain E. Cooper-Key, R.N., and Mrs. Cooper-Key, of Landford, Fleet, Hants.

Mrs. Tom Hussey, of Athelhampton Hall, Dorset, is the bride's mother; the Hon. Esmée Harmsworth is her younger sister; Lord Rothermere, who succeeded his father, the first Viscount, in November 1935, is her father. Mrs. Cooper-Key is the mother of the bridegroom.





Arriving at the Innes—Bethell Wedding Reception



Two of the Hon. Nefertari Bethell's bridesmaids were Lady Mary Cambridge and Miss Delia Innes. They wore scarlet velvet. The reception was at the Eccleston Square house of the Marchioness of Cambridge, Lady Mary Cambridge's mother



Lt. James Innes and the Hon. Nefertari Bethell

Mr. James Innes, Coldstream Guards, and the Hon. Nefertari Bethell were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. He is the eldest son of Colonel J. A. Innes, of Horringer Manor, Bury St. Edmunds, and Inchgarry, North Berwick. She is the daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Richard Bethell, and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell, of Aylesfield, Alton, Hants., and sister of Lord Westbury

over plum cake and nice brown tea (in those white cups with gilt pansies on the bottom inside). Generally, fortunes were told in the tea-leaves before the gay throng broke up to resume their appointed tasks about the house that maintained them in such comfort.

But never mind all that. Among people who generally have to go from breakfast (such as it is) to lunch unaided, last week's

morning reception to Prince Bernhard at the Overseas League was very enjoyable. The Prince is always charming, and so are the members of his staff. Baron von Asbeck was there, and among those to meet them were Lady Moore-Guggisberg, Mr. Hugh Gurney, Lady Forbes, pretty Mrs. Scoby Mackenzie, Mrs. Ronald Cross (whose husband is Minister for Shipping), and some enthusiastic Colonial troops. Certainly everyone who had the honour of meeting his Highness was very pleased indeed.

#### Having Cocktails

THE pernicious apéritif habit persists, and people remain obstinately cheerful and above ground.

The Archduke Robert of Austria is among them: he was rejoicing the other day over a nice parcel of food sent by his family, now in Canada. I'm afraid the big-hearted citizens across the Atlantic are worrying unduly about the privations they suppose us to be undergoing.

Lady Alexandra Haig was out, in her neat nurse's uniform; also Sir George and Lady Franckenstein, Baron Quarles, Mr. Robin Duff, of the B.B.C., Mr. Karel Stepanek, the Czech film-star, with his actress ex-wife, Miss Wanda Rotha, and so on—there really are lots of people in London.

The new Lord and Lady Winford are here too; he has lately succeeded his brother, and was Mr. Sam Best.

#### Luncheon

DR. BENES, head of the Czech State, and Dr. Jan Masaryk, his Foreign Minister, have very different ways of speaking.

At a public luncheon, Dr. Benes read a long and statesmanlike speech, which would have looked very well in print, but which lost much in the reading, as the speaker used neither gesture of hands nor inflection of voice.



Two of the Guests

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lindsay were at the Cooper-Key—Harmsworth wedding. She was Miss Jane Kenyon-Slaney before her marriage last October, is a granddaughter of the Duke of Abercorn, and a sister of the Countess of Hopetoun

Dr. Masaryk, who followed, has spoken much in the U.S.A., as well as at political functions, and puts himself across very slickly. His speeches are dramatic and amusing performances—a passage from this one has even attracted the attention of Mr. Nathaniel Gubbins, I see from the upturned newspaper on the floor beside me.

He began it with: "Your Excellencies, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, and you others," suggesting the gamin that appeals so much to half-dead lunchers towards three o'clock.

He had prepared a more serious speech, but his chief left little that he could say.

#### Women's Clubs Ablaze

IT is to be hoped that the scoring of hits on these strategic objectives is causing a fresh wave of optimism in Berlin.

When one was hit at dinner-time, many members were taken to a nearby fire-station by the A.F.S. men who came to the rescue, one of whom asked his rescuee if she felt better.

"Better?" she said. "I never felt bad, just very annoyed at having a perfectly good dinner ruined."

She was a St. Aubyn, whose family should be gratified by such indifference to the hurtle of bricks and mortar and the roar of flames menacing digestion.

#### CORRECTION

Owing to a photographer's error, in our issue of January 8th Miss Betty Matthews, seen with Miss Madeline Minch at the Irish Red Cross 'Chase at Leopardstown, was described as Miss Dolores Pelly. Our apologies to both ladies.



# The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

## "Berkeley Square" (Vaudeville)

THIS famous play, pre-Priestley in respect of Time and pre-Maschwitz in respect of Berkeley Square, is one that has never pleased me as much as it has pleased others, my mind being too strictly limited by logical boundaries. To me the past (which I adore) is the past, the present (which I can put up with) is the present, the future (which I should like to abolish) is the future. And when people talk about the corners being ironed out of Time, and trains arriving at destinations before they leave their stations, and yesterday being actually concurrent with to-day, I always feel that I would much rather read Edward Lear, for I like honest nonsense, and am not so limitedly logical but that I can enjoy a good nonsense play—as, for example, *When Knights Were Bold*.

YOU may recall what happens in *When Knights Were Bold*. A titled gentleman of the twentieth century finds himself back in the Middle Ages and, retaining consciousness of both periods, gets into all sorts of comical scrapes through his inability to fit in with the conventions of his forbears. This, in essence, is what also happens in *Berkeley Square*, the eighteenth century being substituted for the Middle Ages. But the approach is entirely different, since the objective is not a romp but a serious romance. The authors, John L. Balderston and J. C. Squire, seek to enlist

our credibility. Peter Standish, the hero, is so soaked in the past that he does get back to 1784, investing the body of one of his ancestors who has come over from the United States to visit the Pettigrews. But he is not so soaked in 1784 as to forget 1938. He knows what will happen in the future. He knows that he will not marry Helen, whom he loves, but Kate, whom he doesn't. And since he indulges his prophetic powers in conversation with the old folk at home, they regard him as a very odd creature and look at him rather askance.

IN other words, although he becomes his ancestor, he does not behave as his ancestor behaved. He says things his ancestor didn't say. And if he can say things his ancestor didn't say, then he could surely do things his ancestor didn't do, one of which would be to marry Kate instead of Helen. I maintain that the moment his intrusion into the past changes the past by a single syllable, the whole course of the future is changed, and his assumption that things must happen as they did happen, becomes preposterously muddle-headed. "Things can't happen



Tarver Penna as Mr. Throstle and Christine Silver as Lady Anne Pettigrew

that didn't happen," he says, even though something that didn't happen is happening at that very moment in the very utterance of this sentence. It is, of course, just possible that the hero's ancestor, gifted with a remarkable vision of the future, did behave and talk just as the hero behaves, and talks, asking for a bath every morning and referring familiarly to cocktails and traffic blocks. But if the authors intend us to understand this, which I'm sure they don't, they certainly fail to make the point clear.

THAT reference to cocktails and traffic blocks reminds us that *Berkeley Square* was originally produced in 1926, when cocktails and traffic blocks were at their zenith.

You may recall how in 1926, before the introduction of stop and-go signs, we used to sit for 20 minutes in a bus without moving an inch. The date of the modern scenes has now been changed to 1938, in order to make the play as up-to-date as possible, for whatever the Truth about Time, it is always advisable to be up-to-date!

Or is it, seeing that in 1938 traffic blocks were a thing of the past?

I left the Vaudeville Theatre with an unshaken conviction that it is best to leave Time alone and that disaster must befall anyone who seeks to pluck a single hair from his most venerable beard.

OTHER convictions with which I left the Vaudeville Theatre were that Helen Pettigrew was Jean Forbes-Robertson's No. 1 Performance, so quick and eager is it in apprehension, so alive and understanding in response that André van Gysegghem does not cut deep enough as the hero; that Tarver Penna is always faultless; and that the play is much more original, far better written, and about ten times as irritating as most plays. Better even to be irritated than bored. It gives one at least something to scratch!



Rosalinde Fuller as Kate Pettigrew

André van Gysegghem as Peter Standish and Jean Forbes-Robertson as Helen Pettigrew





**Home Again—Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Olivier**

Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh arrived back in London from Hollywood last week: he hopes to join the R.A.F., and she hopes to go back to the stage. Among the first friends they visited were John Gielgud and his company rehearsing "Dear Brutus." Their new film, "Lady Hamilton," in which Korda has co-starred them as Nelson and Emma, will be seen here soon



**The Vic-Wells Ballet Comes Back to London—Rehearsing for the First Matinee**

Margot Fonteyn, the Wells ballerina, Robert Helpmann, first dancer, Frederick Ashton, choreographer and dancer, and Ninette de Valois, the company's director and choreographer, were photographed at the New Theatre at a morning rehearsal. Ashton has a new ballet, "The Wanderer Fantasie," to Schubert music, which will have its premiere next Monday

**Theatre News**



**Another Theatre Club—Founder and Helper**

Mrs. V. I. Dean, who ran the little Torch Theatre, is the organiser of the Nightlights, a new theatre club in Little Newport Street where cabaret, drinks and snacks comprise the twice-daily programme. Barbara Mullen, who made her London name in "Jeannie," first at the Torch and later in the West End, is one of Mrs. Dean's collaborators



Pamela May, one of the company's leading dancers, posed a flying arabesque for the photographer. The Vic-Wells ballet, after several months in the provinces, began a five-week season of matinees at the New last Monday. It is the first time they have had a West End season for about six years



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**S**NOW is like a dear little actress—after about three days its more obvious charms begin to pall. On the other hand we'd be the last to deny that if you aren't actually up to the neck in it, as we were, as all Europe was the other day, snow can be very inspiring.

The best snow-poetry we know is by (a) Edith Sitwell and (b) Théophile Gautier, whose *Symphonie en Blanc Majeur* contains the words *blanc*, *blanche*, or *blancheur* in every one of its eighteen or more lovely stanzas; a piece of virtuosity of which few of the bow-legged, lymphatic, strabismic, emasculated Muses of to-day are capable.

The most vivid snow-effects in music are those bleak shivering fifths which open Act III. of *La Bohème*, and, still more, the idiot's dirge for Holy Russia in the falling snow of the forest-scene which opens Act III. of *Boris Godounov*, after the trumpets have sounded and the Russian Perkin Warbeck has ridden on with the rebels to conquer his throne. What an opera!

## Pal

**V**ERY seldom in this false life (speaking of *Boris Godounov*) does one encounter absolute perfection. We came very near it one night in Paris in the late 1920's, when Chaliapin sang *Boris* in a sumptuous all-Russian production, with half the ex-Imperial-Guard-colonel-taxi-drivers of Paris roaring gloriously in the huge chorus and the other half in tears in the galleries.

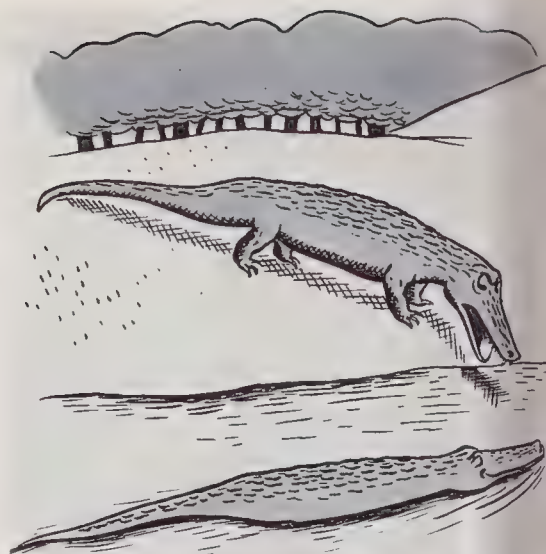
Next to this for pure satisfaction we count a certain Phoenix Society production of *Love for Love*, with Athene Seyler as that delicious mopsy Mrs. Frail, and next to this, perhaps, Jacques Copeau playing Alceste at the Vieux-Colombiers. Three intoxicating theatrical experiences to set against years of yawns and coma and vexings.

But in our most searing agonies of boredom we could—and please God, will again—always glance across to the end of Row D and see James ("Boss") Agate upright in his stall, eyes closed, stiff and pale as death, suffering like a man. He will never know what we owe him for this silent comradeship.

## Tile

**T**HAT engaging little fuss over an order—now rescinded—to certain A.A. troops to salute A.T.S. girl officers has led that lewd scribbler, our fellow-hack "Beachcomber," to come out strong for general military hat-raising, but not, at the moment, hand-kissing or the presenting of bouquets. As a matter of fact London already possesses a statue of an eminent soldier politely doffing his cocked hat, presumably to some blonde or other. We refer to that Victorian Duke who prances on his bronze charger at Holborn Circus.

The military hat, indeed, raises more than one problem of etiquette, notably in the



"It seems very foolish to me to go about pretending you're a log of wood, now that timber is rationed"

police courts, where magistrates often sw like turkey-cocks and demand its instant removal. In church it is normally removed but strictly kept on by trumpeters and guards of honour—can you imagine the Swiss Guard without theirs at high feasts in St. Peter's? Well-bred field-m Marshals do their cocked hats before embracing a good woman of their own social rank, but assume them when firing a cook of equal virtue.

**S**INCE the prime object of the military hat is to inspire terror—compare Napoleon's flying plumes and the gay feathers of Napoleon's Marshals—it should logically be worn at all times, surely? (To discard it for a top-hat, citing General Picton at Waterloo, is mere quibbling; Picton had a head-wound and could wear no other.) If noble terror is the point: if ignoble terror were desired, what better headgear than the fearful bowler-hat, which would have made Napoleon or Mars himself look a perfect cretin?

## Enigma

**"A** BIT on edge" was Kipling's verdict on the admirable citizens of Australia after meeting them on their native soil for the first time. He later put this condition down partly to the climate and partly to the awesome Australian habit of swigging strong Indian tea all day long, with and without meat.

It is obvious that the Australians frightened Slogger-Kipling somewhat, even according to one of the special correspondents who swept with them into Bardia—they frightened Mussolini's Blackshirts, many of whom have pretty lean, fierce past themselves.

Except for a colder ferocity about the eyes, the best Australian hawk-type doesn't differ notably from the best Latin hawk-type, and both are apt in some circumstances to make the Island Race uneasy, as every traveller knows.

**T**HE Great Australian Enigma to us, as we've hinted before, is that a race so frank, tough, and resentful of snobbery and fluffa should be so passionately in love with cricket, and all the mumbo-jumbo and naffery that game implies. You'd expect them to prefer bull-fighting, or some violent game like (say) pelota played with Molotov bombs, or some game involving the tearing of lions in half.

(Concluded on page 122)



"I'm sure we'll be safe down there, dear. I don't think they're firing across the Channel at the Penzance end"



# Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



“I’m sorry for old Graziani, yer know. ‘E must ‘ave been finding it kind o’ lonely round Tobruk these days”



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

We've often asked Australian friends about this, without much result. They're born crazy about cricket and this madness survives even long residence in highly civilised parts of Europe. It's odd. It's macabre. It's like finding buccaneers fresh off the Spanish Main wild to take part in the proceedings of Convocation.

It makes us almost ready to believe what an Australian friend told us about the native fairies; they're just like Peter Pan's elfin buddies, apparently, except that to them "thimble" mostly signifies a sock on the jaw. However, once they get to know you, everything's fine.

## Dainty

ST. BRIDE'S, Fleet Street, known as the Journalists' Church because many journalists regularly attend a memorial service there whenever a big newspaper proprietor dies, has had such a wealth of emotion and regret expended on it, since its recent bombing, by the gossip-boys and others that it surprised us, not dreaming our comrades cared so much. But there you are. Behind those hard, cynical gnarled exteriors beat tender hearts, and maybe the incumbent of St. Bride's could tell many a moving story of hidden benevolence and piety if he knew any of the Fleet Street boys by sight.

All the same, we will not, personally, be stampeded into ecstasy over St. Bride's still-remaining steeple. It is a great deal more beautiful than that steeple in Bloomsbury with George III. stuck on top of it in a Roman toga with a lightning-conductor sprouting from his noggin, and it would look perfect if it stood on an enormous cake all over Cupids and roses and silver fal-lals—that's our position.

From the boosting the boys have lately given it we deduce that it reminds those romantics of their wedding morn, and agreeably at that. If it were actually covered with imitation sugar-icing, like that incredible steeple of the Sagrada Familia at Barcelona, they'd probably eat it in their present state of mind, we dare aver.

WREN'S confectionery or pastrycook mood, of which the City has several examples, may have been the equivalent of pulling a long snook at the City fathers, who knows? The greedy city killed his great noble plan for a new London. He may have retorted furiously in terms of something those gluttonous cuckolds really understood.

## Innovation

GENERAL WAVELL is giving the Special Correspondents such a magnificent break in Libya—to the tight-lipped dismay of certain War Office moguls, who are still apt to regard the boys as leprous, as did Kitchener, that great but sometimes wooden-headed captain—that only the re-introduction of Army vivandières could rattle the brass hats more, in our degraded view.

Vivandières would seem the natural mates of Special Correspondents, and it would be nice to see these girls in the field again. They were never, outside the pages of Ouida, strictly beautiful, as every student of Napoleonic memoirs is aware. Stout tough hoarse weatherbeaten elderly babies, most of them, full of oaths and often whiskered, like the ladies of the Halles or Dieppe fishwives; but matey, motherly, and dexterous at first aid and elementary field surgery, such as

helping a trooper to saw off his shattered leg with a jack-knife.

## Pan

ALL pictures of Soviet Prime Minister Molotoff, according to recent advices, have been removed by order from schools and meeting-halls, which if true would be not only a blow from the æsthetic standpoint but the most obvious sign that Comrade Molotoff has ceased to charm. Soviet Russia is plastered from end to end with enormous pictures of Stalin and his moustache Rover, celebrated in such passionate verse by a Soviet poet some time ago; also with those of Stalin's boys who happen to be in Stalin's favour at the time.

The Tartar or Mongoloid pans of these politicians, the Soviet substitute in the schools and streets for the sacred ikons, are intended, a traveller assures us, to strengthen, inspire, and guide the young; proving once more that the Russian has no sense of the grotesque. Even if you framed the Dictator's winsome pan in jewel-studded gold and silver

and surrounded it with blazing candles it wouldn't convey any comment to an all-wool Bolshevik.

## After-thought

STALIN obviously got the idea from George the Fourth of England, who was so enamoured of his picture in Coronation regalia that he scattered sizeable full-length copies to the four corners of Empire, and every British embassy and consulate had to have one.

H.M.'s heavy, handsome Hanoverian features and well-turned calves were easy enough to look at. The old-fashioned Oriental dials of Stalin's boys are a more slowly acquired taste, no doubt; they lack at first glance the frigid, stylised, austere beauty of the Byzantine saints and Our Lady of Kazan, but maybe their charms grow on you.

So, incidentally, if you're not careful, do wars—but what of that, as Epistemon of Delos said to the one-eyed fishwife of Dax?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"—And this is a front elevation of my wife"



## "Diversion No. 2"

### Edith Evans in Diverse Roles

After the closing of the theatres last September, it seemed that all entertainment had stopped for the duration, but Bronson Albery and Howard Wyndham re-opened in October with Herbert Farjeon's witty revue, *Diversion*, in which they hit upon a huge success. The second edition ushered in the New Year, having kept several of the original numbers, and introduced many new ones, these latter rather more satirical on the whole. The same brilliant cast of stars is headed by Edith Evans, the versatile and amusing; in "Please, Captain Eversleigh," and as the county lady in an absurdity called "Fish for Luncheon." She also speaks Mr. Farjeon's splendid epilogue, each day more apropos, that "London, in spite of battered body, is dearer than ever before, and still unsubdued the heart of London beats." More *Diversion* pictures are on the next two pages

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



#### The Flirt: "Please, Captain Eversleigh"

"I'm afraid I'm rather an old-fashioned girl, Captain Eversleigh—up to a point." Edith Evans, wearing a tomato-coloured dress with a blue top, shows an intolerable flirt rehearsing how she will encourage, set back, and again encourage the young man with whom she is going out to dinner. While making up her face with practised skill and care at her dressing-table, she insists "that she does like a girl to be natural"



#### The Hop-picker: "Is This Right For Marden?"

"Lovely money, last year, wasn't it? We've been bombed out of our home, we have. I says to my old man, I says, 'They won't come here to drop their eggs.' 'That's all right,' he says, 'Londoners can take it.' I guess he's right, Londoners can take it." In this successful sketch, retained in "Diversion No. 2," Edith Evans, accompanied by an unseen small boy frequently referred to as "Duck," has a conversation in a railway carriage on her way to the hop-picking in Kent



#### Queen Elizabeth: "My Cause Is Just"

"I fear not all his threatenings; his great preparations and mighty forces do not stir me. . . . I doubt not but, God assisting me, upon whom I always trust, I shall be able to defeat him, and overthrow him, for my cause is just." The actual speech delivered 350 years ago by Queen Elizabeth to the people of England through the House of Commons is now made by Edith Evans with power and precision



## "Diversion No.



"Lo, Gang!"  
Walter Crisham, Dorothy Dickson and Bernard Miles give an excellent burlesque of the mutual admiration society. "Hi, Gang!", Vic Oliver, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, so well known on the wireless in the Forces programme. "Vic" Crisham has some very good cracks of the same calibre as the other Vic; "Bebe" Dickson continues to "feel so very proud and happy"



### "Local Library"

Joyce Grenfell is an assistant in a lending library. A travel enthusiast asks, "Has Peter Fleming been anywhere lately?" "I tell him there's nowhere to go"

### "The Show Must Go On"

Aubrey Ensor's sketch of the typical troupe of acrobats. Walter Crisham and Vida Hope extract every ounce—or hundredweight—out of their weight-throwing act



### "Native Clod"

Bernard Miles wrote and devised the ruminations of the Hertfordshire yokel whom he portrays looking so slyly over his cartwheel: "I'm Church, I am. I go to St. Mark's, wot was built in the eleventh century, before the railway came"





## More Pictures of the Farjeon Revue at Wyndham's



### "I Simply Adore My Dentist"

A new sensation for a highly blasé fashionable lady is that of falling in love with her dentist. This ecstatic state is described in song by Dorothy Dickson, but she is far more her delightful, dancing self, partnered by Walter Crisham, in a sophisticated number "Exit to Music"

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



### "Dawn in the Vienna Woods"

The romanticism of old Vienna is charmingly revived by Irene Eisinger, of the beautiful, clear voice, in the famous Strauss waltzes arranged by Mischa Spoliasky. She has the innocent, child-like air of a wood-nymph, and lucky is the lover she awaits

### (Below) Producing King Lear

Peter Ustinov's "Three Ways of Producing King Lear" is a clever study of three types of producers—the Continental, the proletarian, and the Sunday night highbrow. He is seen as the last, interested chiefly in the decor, and expounds his views on the merits of pink satin from a weird position on the footlights



### In for a Dip

Vida Hope (a prototype of Hermione Baddeley, with the same sense of humour and gift for fooling) and Joan Sterndale Bennett are in an Edwardian bathing scene. They emerge shyly from their machine clad in costumes which reveal nothing to the eye of a curious male







*Miles is a good name in the aircraft world. It belongs to this cheerful-looking individual of thirty-seven—Frederick George Miles. He began his career as an aircraft mechanic, is now joint managing director and chief designer of an aircraft manufacturing firm, and has designed several well-known types of 'planes, including the Miles-Master trainer. In this work his wife has often been his collaborator. He is a Fellow of the Royal Aeronautical Society*

*The house was designed by George Miles (he is a test pilot). Mrs. F. G. Miles, country, and Jeremy Miles, of the "Daily Express" are*

*Sisters with a strong family likeness between them are Mrs. Miles and Mrs. van Gyseghem. They are the daughters of the late Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Elliott, and are very like their father as he appears in the many old photographs of him now in the sisters' possession. (We published a picture of Jean Forbes-Robertson beside an old photograph of her father last week)*

## An Aircraft Designer at Ho



*Regular week-enders at Land's End House are André van Gyseghem and his wife, Jean Forbes-Robertson. Their hostess was responsible for the dresses for the revival of "Berkeley Square" which these two put on and are playing in at the Vaudeville. Innumerable books on eighteenth-century costumes are in the Land's End House library*





Standing in front of it are Mrs. Victor Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. Jean Forbes-Robertson and her husband; André van Gysegghem, a journalist, now serving with the New Zealand forces in this force uniform made by his parents. Mrs. Burnett is the widow of a correspondent who was killed serving with the Rhodesian Air Force

## F. G. Miles and His Wife Entertain at Land's End House, near Reading

Land's End House is the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Miles, near Reading. The house is responsible for its modern lines, big sun-catching windows, and its proportioned, unobstructed comfort inside. Writers, theatre people, and artists come and go at week-ends. One frequent visitor is artist Walter de la Mare, responsible for giving the house's shining white its wartime camouflage with pictures of Hitler and Mr. Down on the roof. He also painted murals for the swimming pool. Mr. Miles worked on the aircraft designs that have made the Miles famous in the aviation world, and Mrs. Miles, as a good Forbes-Robertson, has her connection with the stage by occasional designs for dresses. Her latest work was for her sister Jean's presentation of *Berkeley Square*

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

The demon gets the nimble-fingered, energetic members of the family on the floor. Players here are André van Gysegghem (known as 'Andy'), F. G. Miles, Jean Forbes-Robertson, and Mrs. George Miles



The children of the house are Mary, aged two, and Jeremy, aged seven, who is having a singing lesson from his mother below. Mrs. Miles is the former Blossom (Maxine) Forbes-Robertson, married F. G. Miles eight years ago. She was trained as an artist; after her marriage she adapted her talent and training to a different medium and has collaborated closely with her husband in much of his work on aircraft designing





# With Silent Friends

By Richard King

## Story of Simple People

I MUST confess that, the longer I live, the more appreciative I become of simple, ordinary people. I don't mean human "turnips," or that type which may almost be considered as professional bores. I mean the kind of people who are not bitten by any particular "ism" or any political ideology; who may have an ideal, but don't try to force it down everybody's throat; who don't yearn to put the whole world right, but are content to make a little better that microscopic corner of this world which immediately surrounds them. For, after all, if everybody did this, the whole world would be put right in next to no time.

It's the very clever people who upset everything—like too much pepper in the soup. They make a brave showing, but the simple, ordinary people have invariably to clean up the mess. For it isn't always the very clever people who, in fundamentals, are the most intelligent. Usually the contrary. In their fight for what they like to call a Brave New World, they seem to visualise human nature in one all-embracing, idealistic pattern, which human nature decidedly isn't.

But as all the sociological Arcadias have to come down to human nature at the end, it is as well to realise in the beginning that 50 per cent. of folk will "pinch" the soap from the hotel bathroom; that at least 50 per cent. are grabbers rather than givers; that another 50 per cent. never actually leave the mildewed adolescent stage, though they die at the age of ninety-five; but that in the hearts of 90 per cent. of all types, there is an unconscious desire to leave a little bit of the world a little bit happier than they found it—be it merely their own family. These are what I like to call the simple, ordinary people; people

who are soothing, rather than soporific; who spring no surprises upon us, but possess that inestimable virtue of living and letting any but the aggressive live too; who have no desire—or even ability—to épater les bourgeois, but carry on with their life's work, since, quite unconsciously probably, they realise that that is just about the wisest way to face up to both life and to work.

Well, I was often reminded of such folk while reading Mrs. Jacobine Menzies-Wilson's unpretentious kind of autobiography, *September to September* (Oxford University Press; 8s. 6d.).

## 1938-39

NO need, probably, to ask which September, or which year. The Septembers of 1938 and 1939 will be engraven on the hearts of all those elderly folk who fondly imagined that one world war in a lifetime would, by gracious Providence, prove enough for every salutary spiritual purpose. Well, this is an almost weekly chronicle of that year between the 1938 crisis and 1939 war, as it affected a simple-living, yet fairly wealthy, English family. With, of course, servants, friends, and the inhabitants of an English village thrown into the chronicle of everyday affairs. Small beer it may be, but if you are in the proper mood, the taste is very agreeable.

One follows, mildly but pleasantly entertained, the reactions of this family of mother, father, two daughters and a son, to the '38 crisis, and through the rumbling interlude which preceded the declaration of war a year later. And all that happened in the village and in the servants' hall, where two Austrian maids rather complicated emotions. The whole story is so simple and so kindly that you take to it quite easily.

And there is just one intimate revelation which is out of the rut of the general interest

It is the quiet confession of the wife (who, incidentally, writes this chronicle) of how a woman can still love her husband after long years without ever once being able to enjoy mutual communion with her own hopes and longings and ideals and love of beauty, since his, she realises, would never begin to comprehend them.

Only one element is missing in this quiet, domestic history of an eventful year: it is a more buoyant sense of humour. An "E. M. Delafield" touch would have livened things up considerably. The outlook is invariably too kindly, too altogether nice. Too womanly and motherly and too sweet. I would have wished that Mrs. Menzies-Wilson had flung herself about a bit more, so to speak. In her description of a visit to an expensive West End hairdresser, we almost came to a fling, but an opportunity was badly missed when her daughter was presented at Court; and surely scarcely a village fête comes and goes without somebody making the perfect ass of herself. All the same, *September to September* can only leave a pleasant, soothing memory behind it, whoever reads it.

## Thames Pottering

MR. ROBERT GIBBINGS' delightful book, *Sweet Thames Run Softly* (Dent; 12s. 6d.), is another soothing book, but it has a bite in it which amuses and interests while it soothes. In any case, the Thames is a soothing river until you get to Hammer-smith Bridge, when London's Oldest Inhabitant becomes more and more like an agitated and determined old gentleman.

But this is a chronicle of a voyage made in a small boat from the source of the river to where it seems to become a different thing altogether. And, as I wrote above, the author can still speak of the sweet and softly running Thames and yet bite; as when he declares: "In a way, I was disappointed all the way down by the persistent tameness of the river." In which he is right, since sweetness and softness do become a little tame if you have them for miles. But, for his readers, this was probably an advantage, because quite often he takes us away altogether—to Tahiti and Ireland in retrospect, and once way off to the South Pole. But he comes back

(Concluded on page 130)



Literary Celebrities at the Foyle Luncheon for General de Gaulle

H. G. Wells, back from America, was a guest at a recent Foyle luncheon, and sat next Lady Peel. He went over to the States in October for a lecture tour and aroused considerable feeling by his outspoken and critical comments on British policy and personalities. He left New York on his return journey just before Christmas

Helen Waddell, the historian-novelist, and Lord Bessborough were neighbours at the luncheon at which Gen. de Gaulle was guest of honour, and Cardinal Hinsley presided. Miss Waddell is known for her scholarship in the mediæval history and literature of France. "Peter Abelard" and "Beasts and Saints" are among her half-dozen or so of novels. She is a member of the Irish Academy of Letters



## News From Ireland



### An Irish Landowner

Frank O'Brien

The Earl of Dunraven and Mount-Earl and Mrs. S. J. K. Roycroft were well wrapped up to keep out the cold at the meet of the Co. Limerick Hounds, held at the Earl of Dunraven's Irish home, Adare Manor, Adare. His other property, Dunraven Castle, Southerdown, Glamorgan, is in Wales.



### A Son and Heir

William Walter Mahon was born in Dublin in December. He is the son and heir of Sir George Mahon, Bt., and Lady Mahon, of Woodley, Dundrum, who were married in 1938. Sir George now works in a Government department in London. Lady Mahon was Miss Audrey Jagger, a daughter of the late Dr. Walter Jagger, who was Physician to the King and Queen as Duke and Duchess of York.

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



### Hunt Beauties

Miss Chrystal Doyne was in the paddock at Naas with Miss Mary MacDonald. Miss Doyne is a daughter of Mr. D. H. Doyne, a cousin of the Earl of Fitzwilliam, who has been Master of the Coollattin Hounds in County Wicklow since 1908, with which pack she is a regular follower. Miss MacDonald hunts with the Carlow



### An Engaged Couple

Mr. Gerald Sweetman and Miss Rosalind Mansfield, whose engagement has been announced, watched the finish of the Mail Plate, won by Mr. J. P. O'Connor's Empire Warrior, at Naas Races. He is the son of the late Mr. J. M. Sweetman, K.C., and his fiancée a daughter of Colonel Mansfield, of the Red House, Newbridge, Co. Kildare. She is the youngest racehorse owner in Ireland, and has won races at Punchestown and all the principal meetings during the last few years.



### Girl Race-Goers

Miss Georgina Smithwick was also at the Naas meeting, which had been postponed for a week owing to frost. Miss Smithwick is the daughter of Mr. George Smithwick, manager of the late Viscount Furness's Stud in Ireland. Miss O'Mahony hunts regularly with the Kildare Hounds, and is the daughter of The O'Mahony and Mme. O'Mahony, of Grange Con, Co. Wicklow.



## With Silent Friends

(Continued)

again, just as quickly, to the banks of the river itself, where his botanist and biologist eye informs us of some lovely discoveries.

As a companion he is altogether delightful, but as an artist he is even more memorable. The book includes fifty engravings which alone make it worth the money. And the decorated chapter-heads and tails render it the kind of decorative volume which it is a joy to possess. In fact, as nobody gave it to me for a Christmas present, I gave it to myself!

And so, whenever I feel nauseated by the events of the day which go on and on rather like the same hammer-blows and soothing-ointment repeated again and again, I shall take out this book, and get right into another world, where there are kingfishers and water-lilies, and old bridges spanning softly running water, and green banks bounded by fields and low hills.

### An Interesting Story Goes Wrong

PETER CONWAY, so his publishers inform us, is a well-known medico-psychologist. After reading his story, *A Dark Side Also* (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.), one can well believe it. But he is not yet a story-teller, although he has chosen a first-rate theme. Half-way through it is interesting enough, but towards the end—whether it be to secure a happy ending, or whether it be that he did not quite know how to bring his tale to a close, I know not—the psychological change which took place in the character of Paul Deverill is completely unconvincing. I don't believe that anybody can ever be turned, metaphorically speaking, inside-out, so that even the subject would be puzzled to recognise himself.

Still, the rest of the story is unusual, and raises your curiosity from the start. Dr. Brandt had made a great name for himself as a psycho-analyst. Only a certain section of the medical profession frown upon his exploits and discoveries. Nevertheless, he had gone from success to success until an

especially difficult case came his way. Clare, a lovely thing, was an expert musician, married to a rich, unmusical husband who thwarted all her endeavours to devote herself to a musical career. The effect on her was a kind of morbid introspection, in which Dr. Brandt realised that there was a murder impulse against her husband.

In trying to save her, he obtained a certain power over her, and it is this power which aroused the jealousy of Clare's husband, who cleverly lays a case against him before the G.M.C. Already suspect by the orthodox members of the Council, they seize the opportunity, and Brandt is struck off the rolls. Up to that moment, and even after the tragic situation has been faced and fought, the story has been unusually interesting. It is only in the aftermath—the prelude to a satisfactory ending—that the plot seemed to me to go to pieces, and with it its psychological interest.

### Tale of Two Women

"*MADONNA OF THE THIMBLE*" (Cassell; 8s.), by Pauline Warwick, begins conventionally enough, but ends on almost a profound note. It is the tale of two women who, born on the same day, and in the same neighbourhood, grow up entirely unlike, and yet, between them, there is a sympathetic understanding which no outrageous fortune can quite destroy.

Christine, the "Madonna" of the title, was born in a cottage on the estate which was owned by Margaret's father. Margaret, an only and spoilt child, had one of those personalities which, during the first few meetings, carry all before it. Christine, carried scarcely anyone before her until she was known and appreciated. Nevertheless, both little girls grew up to be real friends, and when Margaret comes home from a finishing school in Paris, and requires a maid, Christine is sent for to fill the post. Margaret's first season is one long personal triumph, in which Christine shares vicariously. Briefly, she has become the adoring "door-mat." And always Margaret makes her her confidante and friend.

Then romance comes to Christine in the person of a young man who rescues her from a bull, and turns out to be the nephew of the elderly Duke to whom Margaret, in her desire to marry a title, has become engaged. At this point, I said to myself, we are going to have a love-story of a kind I used to adore when too young to know romance from blather. Nevertheless, hereafter the story takes a surprising turn, and improves vastly in quality. For Margaret, so soon as she sets her eyes on the nephew, jilts the Duke and marries the young man. Henceforward, Christine's role is one of self-sacrifice and a kind of selfless devotion, while Margaret's is one of self-indulgence.

So these two girls grow up to be women, and although they remain closely associated, they grow inwardly apart, to live in two entirely separate inner-worlds. And the difference between these two worlds is skilfully unfolded by Miss Warwick, and in a way that shows which life holds the greater peace and happiness.

There is a charm about this novel difficult to define, but undoubtedly there.

### A Dashing Murder-Story

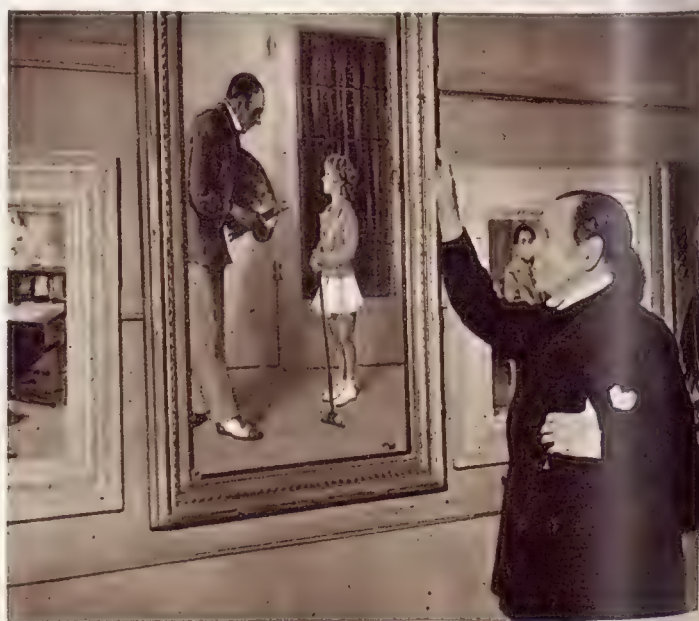
To say that *Criminal C.O.D.* (Collins; 7s. 6d.), by Phoebe Atwood, is a dashing murder-story is to put it mildly. I never read a detective-book in which everybody was dashing so often all over the place. Indeed, the murderer appears to be the only person at Cape Cod who knew the mental advantage of some slight repose, false though it were. Practical jokes abound, and these make the detective work of Ascy Mo extremely difficult; but nobody seems to care. In fact, Jane, the heroine, I myself would gladly have murdered.

As for the murderer itself (observe my tact!), the only clue left was a red wig, but, in reality, "it" was dashing all over the place more than anyone at times, though in a subtler degree. However, the interest is well sustained to the end, but there must be a goodly number of uncured lunatics at large around Cape Cod.



*A Portrait of the Chief Scout*

Jagger's portrait of the Chief Scout hangs at the Boy Scouts Association headquarters in London. The boys looking at it have on their arms the mourning band which all Scouts and Girl Guides will wear for a month. Lord Baden-Powell was nearly eighty-four when he died on January 8th at his Kenya home. He published a large number of books—about sport, the Scout movement, and his own adventures and experiences—and was also a talented artist and caricaturist. He is succeeded by his son, who is twenty-eight



*A Self-portrait of an Artist*

Sir John Lavery, R.A., was two months short of eighty-five when he died ten days ago at his step-daughter's home, Rossenarra House, Kilkenny. This picture of himself and Shirley Temple was painted during a visit to California a year or two back. His beautiful second wife, who was his favourite model and the original of the Irish girl whose head decorates the Eire banknotes Lavery designed, predeceased her husband by six years. He published his autobiography, "The Life of a Painter," last year.



## Five Engagements



Lenarc

**Miss Pamela Nethercoat**

An engagement announced is that of Miss Pamela Mary Jaggard Nethercoat, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Nethercoat, of Holbrook Park, Horsham, Sussex, to Captain Michael George Harrison, the Welch Fusiliers, younger son of the late Major C. P. Harrison, D.S.O., and of Lady Lettice Shepard, of the Corner Cottage, Cuffley, Herts., and nephew of the Marquess of Cholmondeley



Lenarc

**The Hon. Susan North**

The younger daughter of the late Hon. Dudley North, and Mrs. North, of 71, King's Road, Windsor, the Hon. Susan Silence North, is engaged to Captain Roger Bernard Willoughby Bolland, Royal Engineers, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Bolland, of Billericay, Essex. Her brother, Lieut. Lord North, R.N., was married recently in South Africa to Miss Margaret Glennie of Stellenbosch



Catherine Bell

**Miss Natalie Nevinson**

Miss Natalie Laura Nevinson, younger daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. St. Aubyn Nevinson, of Villa Magali, Valescure, France, is engaged to Captain Desmond FitzGerald, Irish Guards, son of Captain and Mrs. Derek FitzGerald, of Branches Park, Newmarket. The Nevinsons escaped from the Riviera on the occupation of France by Germany. They are now living at Folly Cottage, Grayshott, Hants.



Vandyk

**Miss Noreen Bailey**

Flt.-Lieut. Peter Anker Simmons, D.F.C., R.A.F., son of Mr. R. C. Simmons, of Salisbury, Rhodesia, and of Mrs. R. S. Hayhos, of Ifield, Sussex, and Johannesburg, is engaged to Miss Noreen Helen Rosemary Bailey. She is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Abe Bailey, and of the Hon. Lady Bailey, of the Grange, Manton, Rutland, and Rust-en-Vrede, Muizenburg, Cape Town, and niece of Lord Rossmore



Harlip

**Miss Aileen Hornung**

Miss Aileen Hornung is engaged to Captain Barrie Wilson, Royal Artillery, only son of the late Lieut.-Col. R. E. Wilson, D.S.O., and Mrs. Wilson, now at Whyte Gates, Church Crookham, Hants. Her parents are Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. B. R. Hornung, of Ivor's, Cowfold, Sussex. At their house the reception was held for the wedding of their niece, Miss Suzanne Du Boulay, to Lord Douglas Gordon before Christmas



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Electric Hair

IT is justifiable to think that a beard is hair. It will be interesting to learn after the war with Italy is over how the regular Italian Army spelt the word "hair" at the time of the capture of Bardia. The regular officers now prisoners of war in Cairo apparently have very little use for the Duce's pet troops, his white-haired boys the Blackshirts. Our own General gives the Italian regulars a good chit.

## The Latest Betting

THE collateral form collected during the past few weeks will make it very difficult for the most rabid Anglophobe to get even money about a German victory. To put it at a very conservative rate, the best he could hope for would be to buy his money at 6 to 4. This is not wishful thinking or dyed-in-the-wool optimism. The form as it stands even at this moment is good enough.

Here are a few facts: (1) "Napolini" is a bit more than groggy: he may go down for the count at any moment, and no one is better aware of this fact than he is; (2) We are told by the "mouthpieces" that Adolf Schicklgruber is going to send his friend two mechanised divisions to stop the rot in Libya. How?; (3) "They" say that Schicklgruber will strike the Greeks' flank through Bulgaria. Supposing two people, not yet at present officially in the ring, do not think they want Schicklgruber any nearer than he is at the moment? What then? Bulgaria's acquiescence might not avail Schicklgruber. The "Two People" are formidable and quite able to say

"Halt!" It is to their interest to do so; (4) Schicklgruber believes in his submarine blockade, and is encouraged to do so by a quite definite measure of success. A far worse attack of this kind was met and beaten in 1917 under quite as difficult circumstances. The "antidote" to-day is much more potent and is gathering strength. The surface chaser has still the legs of the submarine by many knots. The submarine's pace below water and on the surface, where she is terribly vulnerable, has not increased *pari passu* that of her deadly enemy, the surface chaser, and her quite as deadly enemy, the aerial attacker. Both these deterrents are increasing rapidly in quantity and quite as rapidly in quality; (5) The Schicklgruber army is still the most formidable land force in the world; but so we believed that other German army in the last war to be, yet a "contemptible" force eventually went one better and beat it; (6) "Napolini" has broadcast (per mouthpieces) that we have knocked him out in Libya by the flower of our mechanised force. The advice is "Think again! You do not know everything!" There is this further: the total effectives employed were frequently smaller than the tally of the prisoners. What is the answer?

## "B.-P."

OTHERS have paid tribute to the great work which Lord Baden-Powell did for the boyhood not only of our Empire, but of the whole world, and to his great qualities as a cavalry soldier and sportsman. Personally, I should like to add my own humble one to him in the latter capacity,



## Air Commodore Honoured

Acting Air Commodore E. A. Beckett Rice, M.C., was one of the Air Force officers awarded the C.B.E. (Military) in the 1941 New Year's Honours List. Miss Hards, Matron of the R.A.F. Hospital near the station of which Air Commodore Rice is in command, offers her congratulations.

a slightly belated one, owing to the exigencies of illustrated journalism where copy is concerned. The last occasion upon which so many of "B.-P.'s" comrades in arms and in sport came into close personal contact with him was at that Hoghunters' Dinner held at the Savoy on June 13th, 1929. He was the chairman, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught the patron, and H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, the guest of honour. It was an assemblage at which almost every available winner of the Kadir Cup, India's pigsticking Blue Riband, was present, with a very big leaven of others who had ridden in it, and probably

as big a collection of distinguished cavalry generals and other officers of lesser rank as has mustered at any period other than that of a great war. I have before me the very kind letter, now a doubly-treasured possession, which the Chairman wrote me the morning after, congratulating me upon the small part I bore in organising that dinner as its honorary secretary, and expressing the hope that it would be repeated at a not too distant date. That hope, unhappily, has never been realised, and now may never be so.

## "Bombay Duck"

MANY will recall the wonderful speech which the Chairman made in proposing the health of the royal guest and the tribute he paid to H.R.H.'s fine performance in riding the winner of the Hoghunters' Cup, a point-to-point and not a pigsticking contest, on a horse named



## Prisoner of War V.C.

Captain Eric Charles Wilson, East Surrey Regiment, attached to the Somaliland Camel Corps, kept a gun post in action for four days in spite of wounds, malaria, and intense fire from the enemy's field artillery; was reported killed and posthumously awarded the V.C. Some months later his parents, the Rev. and Mrs. Cyril Wilson, of Munsden, Ware, received the good news that their son was alive and a prisoner of war. This snapshot was taken in British Somaliland of Captain Wilson holding his terrier "Spotie," with Sec.-Lieut. George Fyfe



"Bombay Duck," which the Prince had never ridden before, but which, to quote a description given of him in "B.-P.'s" speech, was "a stinkin' good one"—the witty reference will be appreciated by everyone who has come in contact with that dried fish. General Sir Alexander Wardrop's speech proposing "The Mighty Boar" was also an epic oration, and no one but that speaker could have done it greater justice, for the name Wardrop may be said to spell "The Kadir," and that spells a lot. In a recent note published in these two pages in November last, when Lord Baden-Powell was critically ill, it was recorded what bad luck he had had in not riding his horse "Hogmane" to victory in the Kadir in 1883. He had things apparently all to himself, and then got a fall jumping into a nullah into which the pig also dived. His other entry, "Patience," ridden by one "Ding" McDougall, also then in the 13th Hussars, went on to win it, "B.-P." having signalled to "Ding" the spot where the pig was lying up in the reeds. Few better horsemen or better sportsmen have ever put a leg across a horse than the great personality and great gentleman whose death a whole world deplores.

#### Pale Hands v. Serpents

I AM taken to task by a fair correspondent, who apparently has read my paragraph about an adventure in Kashmir, for not having mentioned another risk which lurks near the famed Gardens of Shalimar—serpents. I put the appropriate little dust which dances before a wind upon my head!

Those who have been in the Enchanted Valley will recollect that it is not only the pink lotuses and the incomparable moonlight that are dangerous, for near the Shalimar Gardens is an old temple which is occupied in strong force by a variegated collection of serpents, cobras, kraits and a few pythons which are more or less harmless. I have heard it said that it would have been safer for some people to go and play with these snakes straight away and not waste time risking a stroke of the moon. I think that this is most probably quite right.

Taking no risks and admitting nothing, I feel sure that there is quite a bit in my correspondent's suggestions.

#### A Red Cross Winner

THE Chairman of the Red Cross Sale, Sir Courtauld Thomson, has been kind enough to send me the following letter congratulating me upon having tipped a winner! There is no credit in having done this, because it had, in my opinion, passed the post before the start. However, here is Sir Courtauld's letter, which I am glad to publish because, mainly, of its last two paragraphs:

MY DEAR "SABRETACHE,"

Some months since, in a very kindly reference to the Red Cross Sale and those who work for it, you made bold to tip "the thick end of £200,000 as the result." That, of course, was before any sale had taken place, and in the interval I have complimented you on your prescience as a tipster.

Now I am sure you will be delighted to know we have passed the £200,000 mark, over a third of this from gifts of old gold.

Circumstances dictate the need for more, and we are now to have a Wine and Cigar Sale at an early date. I am sure many who read "Sabretache," as I do, have some of either or both to spare.

Any promises will be most gratefully received by me at 17, Old Bond Street.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) COURTAULD THOMSON.



The New Zealand Army XV.

The All Blacks, who are playing English sides all over the country, and whose members are part of the Expeditionary Force, beat the West of England XV. by 16 points to 9, and Guy's Hospital by 33 to 3. Standing: J. R. O'Hearn, Linesman, R. K. King, J. Maclean, F. S. F. Thompson, F. Solomon, R. Bonner, W. A. Bell, Linesman. Sitting: G. E. King, T. Graham, E. Newton, T. Fowler, E. W. Tindall (Captain, and a member of the All Blacks XV. who came to England in 1936), T. Parane, F. Neighbours, W. J. Cooper.



The West of England XV.

This team lost to the New Zealand Army XV. in the match played in aid of the Gloucester and Somerset Sports Equipment Fund at the Memorial Ground, Horfield. Standing: Linesman, S. F. Wheatley (Durham), K. G. Foss (Bath and Somerset), G. A. White (Weston and Trials), R. E. Price (Weston and Wales), D. R. Thompson (Bristol), J. Duggan (Bristol and Gloucester), Linesman. Sitting: A. G. Hudson (Gloucester), T. Mahoney (Bristol and Somerset), L. Jefferies (Bristol), R. R. Morris (Bristol and Wales), the Rev. P. W. P. Brook (Captain, Cambridge, Harlequins and England), R. E. Payne (Bristol and England), T. Goddard (Somerset), J. H. Parsons (Cambridge and Leicester), E. K. Scott (Harlequins, and Captain of Oxford University, 1939-40).



Veteran Soldiers

The Chelsea Hospital of Scotland, the Scottish Naval and Military Veterans' residence, is at Whitefoord House, Edinburgh. Major-General Granville Egerton, C.B. (centre), grandson of the first Earl of Ellesmere, talks over old times with J. Matheus (left) and M. McCallum (right), two veterans of his old regiment, the 72nd (Duke of Albany's Own) Highlanders. They are some of the few survivors of the famous march from Kabul to Kandahar in August 1880, and are all over eighty years of age.



# Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

## Aerostatement

I WAS much startled to read in that excellent series of documents issued to aviation specialists by the "Russia To-day" Press Service, a cool statement that "a group flight of five aerostats, belonging to the Aerological Observatory of the Central Weather Institute of the U.S.S.R., was recently carried out from Moscow."

At first I did not see the connection between the homely balloon (now, in honour of the appointment of Air Chief-Marshall Gossage as Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief the Balloon Command, renamed a "gos-sage") and this remarkable aircraft, and I thought I had been wafted back to the days of Jules Verne and "Chums."

Nor was I disillusioned when I read on to find that "the substratostat VR-62, flown by the aeronauts Golishaw and Nevernov, landed in the Smolensk Province, while the aerostat VR-49, flown by Roshchin, landed in the Vologda Province. The fifth aerostat was piloted by the woman aeronaut Bolshakova."

Apart from the admirable names of these people (most right-minded men would like to take a cocktail with aeronaut Bolshakova just to see if she lived up to her name), the atmosphere is authentic in every detail and transports one back to another, non-warlike age of flight; an age when persons in Norfolk jackets, whiskers and reversed caps stood solemnly in huge washing-baskets to be carried silently aloft by spherical gas-bags, to the phrenetic plaudits of the crowd.

Those very names "aerostat" and "aeronaut" are reminiscent of the great pioneers and balloonatics of happier days. And listen to Mr. O. Krichak, Director of the Observatory, discussing the flight. He said it would supply new scientific material relating to the weather "and the abatement of cyclones."

We must conclude that balloons may come and balloons may go, but aerostats go on for ever. Three hearty cheers for Aeronauts Bolshakova, Golishaw and Nevernov. And one more for Director Krichak and the abatement of cyclones! On with the aerostat!

## Spitfire Funds

SOME bitter and cynical-minded persons have been damning in no uncertain manner the numerous and highly popular Spitfire funds. They have said that the money would be better spent on accredited charities, and that people are fools to imagine that when they give £5000 for a Spitfire they really do anything to add another machine to the Royal Air Force. That seems to me a kill-joy sort of attitude. It is arguable that it is as much the duty of the Government to look after the dependants of those killed in the Service as to

see that we get all the aircraft we can, so when a private citizen wishes to give something in order to help the national effort it really makes no difference if he gives to a Service



Air Appointment Elliott & Fry

Wing-Commander John Edward Tennant, D.S.O., M.C., a cousin of Lord Glenconner, has been appointed Personal Air Secretary to Sir Charles Portal, Chief of Air Staff. Wing Commander Tennant was Officer Commanding the R.A.F. in Mesopotamia in the European War. His home is at Innes, Elgin, Morayshire, and he is married to a daughter of Sir Robin Duff



Planning the New Air Training Corps

Sir Archibald Sinclair's announcement of the formation of the Air Training Corps for young would-be pilots and navigators has had a tremendous welcome from universities, schools, local authorities, private individuals. Here are the men who have planned it: (sitting) Captain Harold Balfour, Sir Archibald Sinclair, Air Marshal A. G. R. Garrod; (standing) Wing-Commander Lord Nigel Douglas-Hamilton, Mr. J. F. Wolfenden, Air Commodore J. A. Chamier. Mr. Wolfenden, headmaster of Uppingham, has become Director of Pre-entry Training. Air Commodore Chamier is Commandant, with responsibility for training of all units, and administration and recruitment of local units. The King has consented to become Air Commodore-in-Chief of the Corps

charity or to a Spitfire fund, or Hurricane fund, or Whirlwind fund or Tornado fund.

In either case, he helps the State by a free gift. But that does not mean that there is not a touch of the showman about these funds. They make use of the fact that the concrete has a stronger appeal than the abstract. If a person thinks his ten shillings are really going into an actual Spitfire, he derives satisfaction from every subsequent Spitfire victory. But ten shillings swallowed up in the nebosity of some large charitable organisation is—war—less satisfying.

## Rivets to Choice

THAT, however, does not take the edge off the numerous Spitfire fund jokes that have gone the rounds. I liked best the one about the Spitfire rivet fund. It seems some ingenious mayor had set up in his town hall two large tubs, one containing brand-new rivets, the other empty. On being admitted, members of the public were entitled, upon payment of sixpence to the Spitfire fund, to select the particular rivet they wished to buy.

The thing was enormously popular. People selected and bought their rivets and transferred them to the other tub. And the story goes that the ingenious and crafty mayor could be seen late at night by the policeman on duty, returning to the scene in his pyjamas and surreptitiously emptying all the rivets back from the bought tub to the other.

For heaven's sake let us have our amusement out of giving money to the Government; it is so much nicer to let it go that way than to have it screwed out of one by a buff form. We do not really much mind if we are duped by a little clever showmanship in the process.

## Sweeping

THAT first big daylight sweep by the Royal Air Force over occupied France was a fine piece of work. It was done in the face of the enemy yet without loss of a machine, though one crashed on returning. But the thing that struck me most about it

was that it accepted the proposition that the bombing aeroplane, when it works by day, must be escorted by fighters.

It has always been my contention that that is illogical. The bomber should be so constructed that it can bomb and run away. If it has to be escorted it weakens its own powers of evasion and weakens the fighter's powers of fighting.

However, we have been forced to accept the escorted bomber method because we have no specialised day bombers which have sufficient performance to allow them to do their work and escape. We could have had such machines if we had adopted early enough some form of assisted take-off. The plan was put up hundreds of times to the Air Staff, but turned down.

So now we are back at the rotten business of escort duty. But unless you have the really fast bombers you must use it if you are to have any chance of success.

Anyhow, the R.A.F. sweep was a fine piece of work, whether the technical aspects were sound or not.



# With the Fleet Air Arm — No. 22



Diversion on Deck: By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

The alternative title to this picture is "Some fool pressed the button"—or, more accurately, "pulled the lever"—whereupon the lift leading down from the flying deck to the aircraft-carrier's hangars has obediently descended, carrying with it one of the new "Fulmar" aircraft, the Fleet Air Arm's latest fighter, before its wings have been swung, or folded back, alongside its fuselage. This contretemps has happened more than once and the results can well be imagined. The wings flap upwards and flip men into the air in a manner calculated to create despondency and alarm. One victim, it will be noticed, has come into violent contact with the after-end of the funnel



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"  
Review of Weddings



**Kirby — Weld**

Captain Ronald Breakspear Kirby, Royal Tank Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Kirby, of Fives, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, and Mary Weld, younger daughter of the late Humphrey Weld and Mrs. Weld, of Chideock Manor, Bridport, Dorset, were married at Chideock



**Hall — Wainwright**

Sub. Lieut. Hubert Daniel Hall, R.N., and Averil G. Wainwright were married recently at Ashton-under-Lyme Parish Church. He is the son of Mrs. Hall, of York Dene, Ashton-under-Lyme, Lancs., and his bride belongs to the same town



**Marshall — Kenyon**

Captain John Charles Marshall, R.A., and Eleanor Patricia Kenyon, daughter of the late Major H. G. Kenyon, and Mrs. Kenyon, of Highfields Lodge, Ware, Herts., were married at Great Amwell. His parents are Walter Marshall, of Buckland, Newton, Dorset, and Mrs. Marshall, of Rathgowry, Falmouth



**Archer — Osmaston**

T./Captain David H. Archer, M.C., Royal West Kent Regiment, and Marian Margareta Osmaston were married at Barham, Kent. He is the elder son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. W. Archer, late of Shepherdswell, Dover. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Osmaston, of the Old House, Barham



**Maxwell — Readman**

Sec.-Lieut. Peter Maxwell, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Commander and Mrs. Herries Maxwell, of Munches, Dalbeattie, and Alison Susan Readman, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Readman, of Siroquhan, Dunscore, Dumfriesshire, were married at St. John's, Edinburgh



**Vogel — Bald**

Lieut.-Col. Frank William Vogel, O.B.E., R.H.A., and Jean Bald, daughter of Captain G. R. Bald, R.N., of Manor Lodge, Blackwater, Hants., were married at St. Peter's, Frimley. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Vogel, of 1, Wetherby Gardens, S.W.5



**Lloyd — Briggs**

John Crewdson Lloyd, younger son of Mrs. Zachery Lloyd, of Areley Hall, Stourport, Worcs., and Joan Braybrooke Briggs, daughter of Canon and Mrs. G. W. Briggs, of College Green, Worcester, were married at Worcester Cathedral



Henri, Belfast

**Fallowfield — Priestly**

Fl. Lieut. William Fallowfield, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Fallowfield, of Croft Manor House, Roose, Barrow-in-Furness, and Ethyne Cloydene Priestly, daughter of Mrs. John Morrison, of Shalimar, Upper Malone Road, Belfast, were married at St. Ann's Cathedral, Belfast



**van Klaveren — Hart**

Geoffrey Victor van Klaveren, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. van Klaveren, of Waltons, Much Hadham, Herts., and Margery Lucile Hart, daughter of R. Cheney Hart, former British Consul in Venezuela, and Mrs. Hart, of 47, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.7, were married at Brompton Oratory

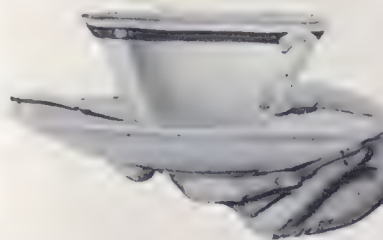


# The Cup that Cheers— Strengthens — *and ensures* Restorative Sleep

IT is wonderful what a difference 'Ovaltine' can make to your outlook on life. This delicious food beverage will build up the health and fitness which keep you cheerful and confident. A cupful at bedtime every night will give you natural, energy-creating sleep.

The valuable restorative properties of 'Ovaltine' have been demonstrated in many scientific tests. These properties are largely due to the fact that it contains important revitalising elements derived from the eggs used in its manufacture. No food beverage can be fully restoring unless this property is derived from its ingredients.

As a bedtime beverage, too, 'Ovaltine' has special advantages. A three-year series of scientific tests



showed that 'Ovaltine,' taken regularly at bedtime, cut down tossing and turning and gave a feeling of being "better rested" in the morning. 'Ovaltine' is entirely free from drugs.

Remember also that 'Ovaltine' contains in abundance the natural, protective food elements required to maintain your health and vitality throughout the Winter. For these reasons, make 'Ovaltine' your constant stand-by.



Drink delicious **Ovaltine**  
*The Restorative Food Beverage*



# Bubble and Squeak

## Stories From Everywhere

A STAGE-STRUCK youth had pestered a manager for a hearing, and at last got one.

"Tell me," began the manager, "do you aspire to comedy or tragedy?"

"Tragedy," bleated the youth.

"Well, let me hear you recite something,"

Striking an exaggerated pose, the aspirant began: "To be, or not to be—"

"Not to be, undoubtedly," said the manager, showing him out.

THREE drunks staggered into the saloon in New York.

"One sidecar," ordered the first.

"Make it two sidecars," requested the second.

The bar-tender looked at the third drunk.

"Sidecar for you, too?" he asked.

The third shook his head.

"I live just across the street," he yodelled. "I'll walk!"

THE sergeant went round the horse lines at midnight to see if all was well, but could find no signs of the guard.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Who's on guard here?"

A sleepy-looking figure crept silently from behind some corn sacks.

"What are you doing?" asked the sergeant.

"Marching around," said the recruit.

"Without boots?" queried the sergeant.

"I took 'em off so I shouldn't wake the horses."

A TRAVELLER was on the crowded platform of a railway station during a raid. A bomb was heard whistling near. All the passengers got down to it like lightning. Or rather, all except one.

When the traveller picked himself up and dusted himself down, he noticed a young woman standing holding a bun in one hand and a cup of tea in the other.

He reproved her. "You didn't do what you're advised to do."

"Well," she answered indignantly, motioning with her two full hands, "how could I?"

"YES," said the first man, "I came home one morning after midnight, and as I opened the door I saw a stranger kissing my wife. I closed the door softly and hurried downstairs. At 1 a.m. I came back, opened the door softly—and there was the stranger, still kissing my wife. So I went downstairs again. At 1.30—"

"Just a minute," interrupted the other man. "Why didn't you walk right into the room?"

The first man frowned. "What," he cried, "and have my wife catch me coming home at that hour?"

A STORY from the *New York American*: The drunk staggered into the hotel lobby and reeled up to the desk clerk.

"I want what I want," he asserted, "an' no arguments!"

"Very good, sir," said the clerk. "What did you wish, sir?"

The stew waved a hand. "I want a room on the sixth floor," he demanded. "An' another room right acrossh the hall from the first room."

"That's odd!" cried the amazed clerk.

"Why do you want two rooms; one across the corridor from the other?"

The drunk slapped the desk.

"Because," he hiccupped, "in case anythin' happensh, I wanna be near myself!"

A SMALL boy was taken to church for the first time. At one stage the clergyman announced:

"We shall now sing hymn number two hundred and twenty-two—'Ten thousand times ten thousand.' Two hundred and twenty-two."

The little boy nudged his mother.

"I say, Mummy," he whispered, "do we have to work this out?"

EXTRACT from lecture by N.C.O.: "Your rifle is your best friend; take every care of it; treat it as you would your wife. Rub it all over with an oily rag every day."

THE young subaltern joined a famous regiment, and the adjutant was giving him one or two instructions.

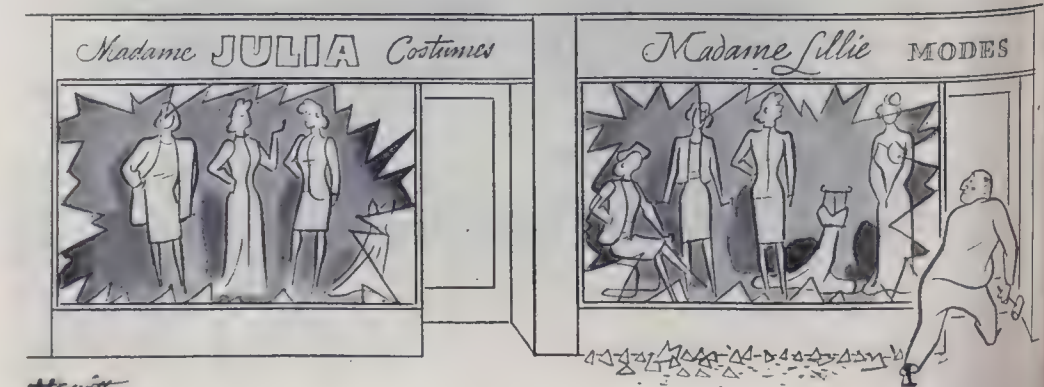
"You must grow a moustache!" he barked.

"Yes, sir."

"And not one of those miserable five-a-side affairs. A proper moustache."

"Yes, sir."

There was silence for a minute. Then the subaltern asked meekly: "Any particular colour, sir?"







## Things that Endure

Man's deeds outlive his monuments. The anonymous devotion which raised those spires whose fingers point to heaven; the patriotic spirit which is accelerating war production night and day throughout our vast network of factories; these are the things that endure, outliving the very tasks they set themselves.

For, after the sacrifices of war are forgotten, our craftsmen-in-the-front-line will turn their skill and enhanced knowledge to the betterment of motoring in a saner and happier world. And, just as our country's past and future are what the character of

the British people make it, so the cars that are to bear the names of Morris, Wolseley, M.G. and Riley will reflect the character of the men whose courage, thoroughness and quiet efficiency are bringing the day of victory nearer.

That attitude of mind which puts service before self is the spring from which every member of the Nuffield Organization draws inspiration for present efforts and future hopes. It will, in days to come, maintain the motoring public's confidence in that Organization and its products and uphold beyond question its position as Guardian of British Motoring.

## THE NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION

(Chairman: Viscount Nuffield)

MORRIS MOTORS LTD. • WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD. • THE M.G. CAR CO. LTD. • RILEY (Coventry) LTD. • MORRIS COMMERCIAL CARS LTD. • MORRIS INDUSTRIES EXPORTS LTD. • S.U. CARBURETTOR CO. LTD. • MECHANIZATIONS & AERO LTD.

**MORRIS WOLSELEY**



*Riley*

**MORRIS-COMMERCIAL**



## Cuff Crowns and Peak Brims



Felt will score another success this spring, hence Woollands, of Knightsbridge, have sponsored the felt hats on this page. It is the "cuff" crown of the model on the right that is noteworthy, decorated with wings. The peak brim is present in the affair on the left, with massed feathers resting lightly on it



**The Highway of Fashion**

**By M. E. Brooke**



### PLATINA FOX

Every woman knows that there is nothing more flattering than fur. Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, has used platina fox for trimming the semi-fitting cape-coat of this beige carioca ensemble. Fine pleats are present on the corsage of the frock



### SPRING COLOURS

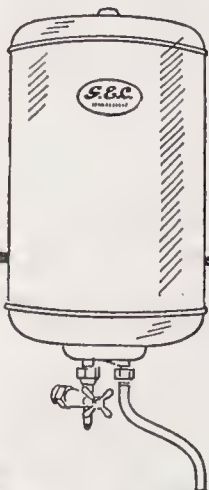
Simple, nevertheless ultra smart, is the suit portrayed. It may be seen in the salons of Margaret Marks. It is carried out in an almost lime-green Zibeline angora, a new fabric which is soft and light. Lovely spring shades have been introduced into the coat





## S.E.C. QUALITY PRODUCTS

One safe rule in making  
a wartime purchase of an  
electrical necessity—  
whether replacing old for  
new, or something new to  
save time for other work  
—is to insist upon a  
**S.E.C.** quality product



**Everything Electrical  
for the home**

Sold by all Electrical Suppliers



## *Saving Grace....*

Here is a hint for fashionwise, yet frugal folk. Choose no other stockings but Bear Brand. For they will give you all the delicacy and beauty that your heart could desire. But they will also give you such a long life that they will save you pounds and pounds over the year.

*Bear Brand*  
STOCKINGS



# Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

THIS war has some very strange repercussions. Who would have thought that one of them would be a mention of golf in a serious broadcast by a minister of His Majesty's Government? Not, of course, that Mr. Duff Cooper gave away in so many words any recipe for playing the game better than before, but he showed himself perfectly informed as to the outward effect of excellence when he remarked how extraordinarily easy the first-class cricketer or golfer made the game look. *Ars celere artem* is an old tag, but none the less true on that account.

Any discussion of style as allied with skill must always come back to the incomparable Joyce Wethered; the Minister of Information sent me straight away in memory to a day at Worplesdon when Miss Wethered had dragged one of her male partners through a round of the mixed foursomes by the scruff of his neck and her own consummate play.

"Oh, you do make it look so absurdly simple!" exclaimed a lesser lady.

"Do I?" returned the great one, with an inflection of pleased astonishment. "But you don't know how dreadfully hard I have to try."

Now Lady Heathcoat Amory was not, for one moment, casting aspersions on her partner, or referring to weird excursions into unplumbed depths. She always said the same

of her own solo performances; that the game never came easily to her, but only by sheer hard work and concentration on each shot. Even her style, straightforward as it looked, had been hammered out by careful thought, experiment and practice. Practice in itself means endless toil and patience. She shared a theory to which, personally, I have always subscribed — that the natural golfers are like the little girl with the curl: when they are good they are very, very good, and when they are bad they are horrid.

Easy come, easy go — this page might be filled with proverbs to show how much more sound and lasting are the things, even mere golfing skill, for which one works, rather than those which just fall into your outstretched hands without an effort.

Natural ability, which may be boiled down in most games and sport to balance, helps to start you on the right way, but it is not enough to take you on to the end of the road.

I have never seen Lady Amory throw a line, but those who have say that those golfing qualities of hers come into play no less usefully. I only know that the week after winning one of her most desperate open championships, she hooked her first Scottish salmon, and declared that it felt even better than pulling off the final.

(Concluded on page 144)



*A Golfer's Twins*

*Sheila and Joan are the daughters of Mrs. R. Mackenzie, Miss Mary Cheattle that was. This attractive little pair already have a sturdy, chins-up look that matches the best golfing tradition of father, mother and Stanmore*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY  
THE "TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF COURSE  
JANUARY

Name {Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
          {Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



So long as we have such cars as the Bentley made in this country British motor engineering will continue to hold the prestige which it has enjoyed since the earliest days of the automobile industry.

Engine, steering, suspension and brakes were as near perfection as it is possible to get them and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a car which holds the road so well. *Yorkshire Herald*

**BENTLEY**  
THE SILENT SPORTS CAR

Bentley Motors (1931) Ltd., 15 Conduit Street, London, W.1 Telephone: MAY 4412 Telegrams: Bensport, Piccy, London



## 18th CENTURY PROPHECY



*The time will come, when thou shalt lift  
thine eyes  
To watch a long-drawn battle in the skies,  
While aged peasants, too amazed for words,  
Stare at the flying fleets of wond'rous birds.  
England, so long the mistress of the sea,  
Where winds and waves confess her  
sovereignty,  
Her ancient triumphs yet on high shall bear,  
And reign, the sovereign of the conquered  
air.*

(Translated from Gray's 'Luna Habitabilis', Cambridge 1737)

**Make it come true!** Just two hundred years ago this remarkable vision of the war in the air was written down in Latin verse by the great English poet who composed the famous 'Elegy'. To make Great Britain 'Sovereign of the conquered air' is now our task. There is no time to 'stare at the flying fleets', we must exert all our energies to increase them. Everyone must help. You can help with money. Save every shilling you can and lend it to the Nation!

**Save regularly week by week.** Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into 3% Savings Bonds 1955-1965, 2½% National War Bonds 1946-1948, or 3% Defence Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks. Join a Savings Group and make others join with you.

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

## IT HAPPENED EVERY NIGHT



1. I am secretary to the Managing Director of a big firm that evacuated to the country when the Blitz began. "Wonderful! Now for some peace and quiet," I thought.



2. Peace and quiet! The first week, the old banshee howled thirty-eight times, mostly at night. Up we'd have to get and trapes off to the shelter and sit around till the All-Clear.



3. After a bit we got into the habit of staying in bed unless we heard something happening. That's when I began to feel terrible. I must have had one ear open for the siren even in my sleep.



4. My nerves went to pieces. So did my work. One morning, I took a long memorandum in shorthand and couldn't read any of it back. I'll never forget it. I actually cried in the office!



5. One of the girls took me to rest. It was she who told me about the three sleep groups. "You'll never keep going unless you get 1st Group Sleep," she said, and she advised me to take Horlicks.



6. She seemed so sensible, I took her advice. That night, I had a lovely cup of hot Horlicks and from the beginning I noticed a difference in the way I felt when I wakened up, and all day long.



7. All that horrid nerviness and depression has slipped away now. In fact, I feel so much better than I have for years, I believe it's 1st Group Sleep I've been missing all the time.

### THERE ARE THREE SLEEP GROUPS

SCIENTISTS divide us into 1st, 2nd and 3rd Group Sleepers. The last group are wakeful, can't get to sleep. Group No. 2 may sleep 8 or 9 hours, yet wake still tired. Only Group 1 sleepers get the deep, refreshing, restorative sleep we must have today to keep going.

The great value of Horlicks is that it helps you to get 1st Group Sleep. Take a cup of hot Horlicks last thing to-night and see how it helps you to take the second year of the war in your stride. Prices as before the war: from 2/-. At chemists and grocers.

**HORLICKS**



## Women's Golf (Continued from page 142)

WOMEN golfers, when they tire of the game, seem very apt to become disciples of the gentle art, and desperately keen about it. Perhaps Dr. Lewis Smith and his wife set the fashion first, the Silver Doctor having many a kind and wise word to offer to novices after dinner on a championship evening.

Since then there is hardly one of the women (except so far myself) who has not felt the spell. Miss D. I. Clark, chairwoman of the L.G.U., was one of the latest converts before the war—and like all converts, overflowing with zeal.

### GOLFERS' "SPITFIRE" FUND

No deduction for expenses. 90% to purchase of "Spitfire," 10% to R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

Donations may be sent to Miss Helme, here. Acknowledgments in *Fairway and Hazard* only

Even those of us who have never handled a rod may yearn now for some of those quiet lowland streams, or better still, the tumbling brown waters and sullen, black pools across the border. It will be good to sit beside them some day, and know that this is still a free land, and so we need neither golf nor fish nor hunt nor shoot unless we wish, but can lie out in the heather beside the burn, and hope that a dipper will come darting up stream, or a sand-piper down, and that the curlews will go on calling across the moor, and that at the end of the day's run we shall see the sun setting behind the jagged peaks of Arran, or the low coast of Fife, or the far-flung line of Sutherland coast.

THE other second love of golfers seems to be riding, taken up with vast enthusiasm even by those who have never stuck childish legs across a Shetland pony.

Mrs. Alec Gold is one of these: now Mrs. Allan Macbeth has joined the ranks, because as she puts it, she found it so difficult otherwise to keep up with her daughter. Moreover, she confesses that riding means exercise "without bothering as to whether I'm swinging too fast or too slow or too high or too low." Can't the golfers just picture her and her Ailsa having a good time at Treardden Bay where wartime has taken her, in a job in the good work for troops which fills her days.

## The "Tatler and Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoon and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

In accordance with the present wartime arrangement, when sufficient spoons are received in either L.G.U. Handicap Division, a silver spoon or spoon will be awarded in proportion to the number of cards received each month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. The winner will be won by the player with the lower handicap, a further tie by the player whose card was returned against the higher scratch score. Winning scores and scores will appear in the second or third issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned under L.G.U. conditions (i.e., in competitions or as Extra Day scores) or in any competition organised for war clubs during the month are eligible for this competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's scorer, and sent to the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. A player may send in as many cards each month as she wishes, but cannot win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division she can also subsequently win in the Silver Division.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Editor, THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, 32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the month in which they are taken out. Cards from players in the Dominions and other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one month of being taken out and accompanied by the coupon then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received.

No spoons were awarded for December, owing to an insufficient number of spoons being received.

### Yearly Challenge Cup

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